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G. STRINGER ROWE.

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JAMES CALVERT

OF FIJI.

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To

OUR DEAR

ANNIE CALVERT (LAKAI)

THIS

IMPERFECT RECORD OF THE LIFE

OF

HER BELOVED FATHER

IS INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

WHEN the writing of this Memoir was undertaken it was expected that there would be material for a much larger book. Having regard to the extended usefulness of the Biography, it is hardly to be regretted that this expectation has not been fulfilled. There is need, however, of a word of explanation to show why the record of so full and eventful a life has not been made more ample.

It was hoped that an examination of my dear old friend's journals and other private papers would yield many particulars besides those which he himself had made public at many times and in many places. It was not so. With his knowledge and experiences, what a wonderful store of observation and narrative he might have furnished! But he was so absolutely given up to his one great work, that he seldom took account

of those things which lay outside of it. Moreover, in his noble character there was very little imagination. He was most admirably and most provokingly matter-of-fact; so that, in the years of his greatest activity, he scarcely stayed to note the picturesque features of scenes which must have been strangely rich in the picturesque. His journals of the eight years spent in South Africa mention, for months together, only dates, places, and engagements fulfilled.

The chief events of his Missionary History had been already told in the published story of the regeneration of Fiji, wherein, indeed, the chronicle of his life is largely given. It has caused me some little embarrassment that the account of the Fiji Mission was, thirty-five years ago, either written or put into form by my own hand. Thus, in re-telling portions of it here, I have been sometimes obliged to quote or to paraphrase my own words.

It is greatly to be desired that this Biography may set many upon reading the History of the Fiji Mission. It is easy of access; and the evidential value of it on behalf of the Gospel cannot be over-rated. It covers so large a ground as to be of commanding importance; and it is so compact as

to present an argument and a witness which can be seen, in their convincing evidence, at a glance.

All that I myself owe to the friendship of this my friend, especially in my earlier life, cannot be disclosed here. Nearly forty years of very close and loving intimacy gave me to know him well; and that knowledge makes me greatly mistrust my own power to do justice to my subject. Wherever, in the following pages, it was possible, he has been allowed to tell his own story.

If this presentment of him and his life's achievement should stir any to gain for themselves that Divine Grace which made him the Christian hero he was, and to give themselves to the high service in which he fulfilled his course, such result would recompense me most, as it is surely that which would have pleased him best.

HEADINGLEY COLLEGE,
February 1893.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AND PREPARATION.

The Starting-point.—Birth.—Childhood.—Schooling.—Apprenticeship.—First Signs of Spiritual Life.—Illness and Decision.—Conversion.—Beginnings of Christian Service.—Beverley.—Sickness.—Colchester.—Fuller Blessing.—Call to the Ministry.—His Offer accepted.—Preparations.—Appointed to Fiji.—Marriage.—Voyage.—Sydney.—An Earnest of Success.

JAMES CALVERT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AND PREPARATION.

"WHEN, at eighteen years of age, it pleased the Lord to have mercy upon me, to pardon all my sins, and give me to know the reality and blessedness of true religion, I felt that that religion was the 'one thing needful' for every soul of man. I went and talked with my father about it, and my brothers and sisters, and all with whom I was connected. It pleased God to direct me to go into the villages to read the Scriptures to the people, and exhort them to turn from sin, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls; and ultimately my way was made plain for going abroad to preach the Gospel of Christ to the heathen."

About a year after his first return from Fiji, James Calvert told, before a great assembly in London, some of the wonderful story of the mission in which

he had taken part, and the above words were his preface to the history. Since then, how many thousands in different parts of the world have been thrilled and stirred by his narrative! And those who thus heard him recollect how, in most instances, his opening words were after the manner of these here quoted from his memorable Exeter Hall speech in 1857. In the history, as he surveyed it, of his successful life, all things arranged themselves around the central fact of his own conversion. Through all his career he looked back to that fact as the starting-point; and from year to year, through a long life, all the witness he bore and the work he wrought was ever freshly quickened by the unfailing inspiration of its remembrance.

The life of James Calvert the missionary begins precisely where he dated it. Of all that happened before concerning him there is really very little to tell. When he was born at Pickering, on January 3rd, 1813, the event acquired no importance from his pedigree or family history. His parents removed a few months afterwards, carrying their firstborn infant with them, to Thorpe Basset, near Malton, where his father became bailiff to George Parker, Esq., of Sutton Grange, near Norton, of whom he afterwards rented the farm on which he lived. Here several other children were born to him. In this village James passed his childhood, and was sent, in

due time, to its National School, where his attendance was too frequently interrupted by the more urgent necessity of going to search for a missing sheep, or by employment in such work as a small boy could do on the farm, where every hand was busy.

There must have been something winsome and promising about the lad, for when he was eleven years old Mr. Parker took him into his own house, so that he might have the advantage of a good school at Malton. He always spoke gratefully of the kindness with which he was treated in this new home, where he seems to have lived for two years, and then his schooling came to an end. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller in Malton, becoming, at the same time, a member of his master's household.

Of his parents he cherished a very loving and reverent recollection. Judging from his portrait, which Mr. Calvert prized as one of his home treasures, the father was after the best type of a Yorkshire tenant-farmer. That portrait—an oil-painting—it may be mentioned here, was carried about by the son in his far journeyings, and thus came to be transported from the Wolds to a mission-house in the South Seas, where it was the object of the awed wonder of the natives, who gave it the peculiar salute reserved for a chief, and, in some instances, brought to it goods for barter. It never

ceased to cause them an uneasy astonishment that the eyes looked straight at them wherever they themselves moved.

A few fragmentary notes written in after years are almost the only record which remains of his youth; and these notes mark out just one line only, leading up to the supreme event of his conversion. It is known that he fulfilled his apprenticeship satisfactorily, and was very diligent in perfecting himself in each branch of his master's trade. At an early part of this period he lost his mother, to whom he was very closely attached. During her last illness he walked the five miles out to Thorpe Basset every night, and walked back to Malton each morning in time for his work. At this point there is the first evidence of strong religious feeling. The lad was intensely anxious for his mother's salvation; and those who were present never forgot how he fell on his knees beside her death-bed, and pleaded with God that she might know His pardoning love. Thus, his love for his mother revealed an inner life of conviction, which no thought on his own account had yet brought him to acknowledge.

As a child he had been taken by his parents to their parish church, but had also with them occasionally attended the services in the nearest Methodist chapel. After coming to Malton, he seems to have gone to the latter more frequently.

Here, one Sunday evening, he heard the Rev. Joseph Mortimer preach, and, as he says, was deeply convinced of sin. He tells how he "wept and prayed, and went into the prayer-meeting in the vestry, and returned home in great trouble." But, having no one to counsel and encourage him, and being associated with sinful companions, he did not yield to the conviction which had been so deep. Still it never altogether left him; and though he did not wholly resist those who led him into evil, he suffered frequent distress through the sharp conflict between his quickened conscience and his habits of sin. Things went on thus until he was seventeen, when he had a very severe illness, so severe that he speaks of being "threatened with death." Then, when he had but little hope of recovery, he vowed that, if he should return to life, he would give himself to the service of God. He got better, and went back to his work. Restrained by his vow, he refused again to follow the old influences of evil which had led him astray. But it was bondage and perpetual weariness to him. His conscience coerced him, and the obedience he tried to render was really an unwilling servitude. He now was regular in his attendance at the Methodist chapel, and, when eighteen, became a member of the church which worshipped there.

Portions of a diary, copied in his later handwriting, give in his own words the story of his deliverance.

"*April 8th*, 1831.—Of late I have been much cast down, and feared for some time that I should not obtain the pardon of my sins. And a very trying time is near—the races, lists for which we have to print—and much excitement is not easily avoided. At the prayer-meeting this evening I prayed very earnestly to the Lord all the time, beseeching Him to forgive my sins, and save my soul. I have many times been disappointed; and now the enemy of my soul insinuated that I could not obtain any proof of God's mercy and pardon. But God's promise, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' was present to my mind, and encouraged me. After the meeting I went with a praying companion to visit an aged woman who was confined to her room; and while he was praying for that devoted woman, I was pleading with God to have mercy upon me, and save me. And that evening, in that small room, I beheld Christ with an eye of faith, as having loved me, and borne my sins in His own body. I put my trust where God had laid my only and all-sufficient help. Believing on my Lord and Saviour, I felt 'my debt was paid, my soul was free, and I was justified.'

> 'The opening heavens around me shone
> With beams of sacred bliss;
> For Jesus showed His mercy mine,
> And whispered, I was His.'

I felt that this was what I had wanted all along;

that this salvation fully met my case, and that nothing else could have done."

Are there—far away from all superstitious thinking—omens in the Christian's course? In this dawn of a long day of devoted service, was it not, at least, beautifully fit, and a presage and promise of that which was to come, that James Calvert's first knowledge of "the joy of the Lord" came to him while he was ministering to that old bedridden saint? In loving ministration his Christian life began; and thus it ran its course and ended.

The next paragraph was evidently written many years afterwards. It adds to the record of that new beginning the witness of a long life's hard testing and manifold experience.

"That was THE EVENT in my life, and it is *the event* in any one's life. All the help and mercy and salvation and blessing required by guilty, depraved, helpless man, all are provided in the atonement of Christ, and the gift of the Spirit—all are provided and offered and realised in the salvation of the Gospel. What a privilege and comfort to offer this to any, to all!

"*October 25th.*—The Spirit has wrought mightily in my soul for some time, convincing me of my need of a further work of grace, and urging me to seek full salvation. Religion is sweet to me. Why not

enjoy a fulness of blessing? Shall I divide the rich grace of God with any other thing? I dare not. I thank the Lord for this. Good Lord, help me to press forward to attain all that it is my privilege to enjoy. May the world not share my heart at all; but may I live to Thy glory, do all Thy will, be a burning and shining light! And do Thou be pleased to convert my relatives and friends, and save us all!"

That closing petition marks the first stirring in this young heart of the impulse to communicate to others the good with which he himself had been richly blessed. From the beginning he obeyed that impulse; and his way opened, step by step, until his life passed on into a widening beneficence which brought good to multitudes. How easily it might have been otherwise! In how many cases—sad to think—it is far otherwise. That impulse of loving zeal is not an occasional accident, but a very instinct of the new life. Every child of God is born with it. Alas for those who learn how to resist and check it until it dies away! And alas for the kingdom of God, which is hindered in its progress by the barren selfishness of their religion!

Early in 1832, the young convert, having entered his twentieth year, began to speak in public of the grace and truth which had made so great a change

in his own life; and shortly afterwards was placed "on trial" as a local preacher. In the following year his apprenticeship came to an end, and he found employment at Beverley. Soon afterwards he writes:—

"Several times I have thought that I would not go out as a preacher. Still I earnestly desire to do what God wills concerning me. Some ministers and local preachers at Malton and Beverley have advised me to continue. The conviction that I ought to give myself to the work of the ministry increases upon me. Before any one asked me to preach I was led to prepare a sort of sermon on 'Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.' Whenever I live to God the impression of my duty to preach is deepest; and I have again and again felt Divine assistance in speaking, and have had the consolations of the Holy Spirit when doing, according to my ability, what I knew to be my duty. I have to contend with principalities and powers. The enemy would stop me. May the Lord direct me, and cause me to do His will!"

After remaining a few months in Beverley, he again became very ill, and was altogether laid aside for a time. For several years his health had been far from robust, and gave no promise of the vigorous and prolonged life that was to follow. He went to

Bridlington to be under the care of the late Dr. Sandwith. "While quite prostrate," he says, "I was blessedly happy, and left myself entirely in God's hands, desiring to glorify Him either by life or death." During his convalescence he was the guest, for a short time, of the Rev. Jabez Banks, Vicar of Bempton, near Bridlington. He does not tell how this visit came about; and no information can now be gleaned concerning it. The only link of connection with young Calvert that can be traced is, that Mr. Banks was a native of Thorpe Basset, and thus knew the family there. He is still remembered in Bempton as an earnest and godly minister. Calvert says he was "a very devoted man, and successful. My stay there I much enjoyed."

Having regained his health, he, for the first time, left Yorkshire, and travelled southwards, engaging himself to a printer at Colchester. Here he remained for three years, working at his craft, and on Sundays doing full service in the Essex villages as a local preacher. The following record belongs to this period, and marks, as he always reckoned it, a memorable crisis in his history.

"After my conversion I was much harassed by the remains of sin, not understanding how sin could exist in a justified person, nor yet the method of deliverance from what was such a trouble to me. I

read various works, and had conversation with Christian friends, and at length felt my mind settled on the subject, especially by reading carefully the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, who are highly spoken of as having real Christian experience in i. 1, 3, 4: and in iv. 3, I read that God's will was their sanctification; and then the Apostle prayed that they might be fully saved, and preserved blameless, in v. 23. Still the Lord gave me great trouble about pride, unbelief, self, and various things that I felt in my heart contrary to His love; and I earnestly sought to be delivered from all evil. While pleading in my bedroom about a year ago I felt His sanctifying influence in a special manner; and I have been able since that time to love God with all my heart. I trust I shall live a life of faith on the Son of God, growing daily in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ."

More than fifty years afterwards, one told, in a meeting at Hastings, how, in his youth, he was walking along a country road in Essex on a certain Sunday, and fell in with a young local preacher, who spoke to him lovingly and faithfully about his soul; "and," said he, "the straight talk of James Calvert and his sermon that evening were made the means of my conversion."

During his residence in Essex the conviction deepened in his mind that he was to give himself

wholly to the work of the Christian ministry; and the May of 1837 found him in the presence of the London District Meeting as a candidate for this office. He put himself absolutely at the disposal of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, stating, however, that his sympathy had been specially quickened on behalf of the heathen abroad. He pleaded earnestly that he might enjoy the benefit of specific training in the Theological Institution, which was then in the third year of its existence in London, at Hoxton, and that he might pass the years of his ministerial probation at home, so as to become better prepared for foreign service.

He took this step with the most solemn deliberation, but, at the same time, and without any inconsistency, with great gladness of heart. It caused him much misgiving as to his own fitness, but not as to anything else, except in one particular. It has already been told that, as an apprentice, he did his best to become a skilled craftsman. So afterwards, he liked his work and therefore put his heart into it. He was fond of a business life; and his special calling had given him a wide opportunity of gaining serviceable business knowledge. He had thus become expert as a printer and as a bookbinder, and had also learned the bookselling trade, to which had been added the work of a branch post-office. Besides all this, he had considerable experience in the sub-

editing of a local newspaper. Now, he looked with some dismayed questioning at the waste of all this preparation for a career which he felt impelled to abandon. He soon discovered that there was no waste at all; and, as the years passed on, he learned to value all his business training as a specially ordained part of his equipment for his life's higher service.

Already his thoughts were being drawn towards the missions in which a great part of his life was to be spent. Letters had recently been published from the Friendly Islands, where the mission was pushing on with great vigour and much success. The Rev. Peter Turner wrote from Samoa, in the neighbouring group of Navigators' Islands. He had just entered upon this mission, and was already greatly encouraged. He urged that a printer, with a fully furnished press, should be sent out immediately. Having seen this appeal, the young candidate suggested that his knowledge of the business might make him serviceable where a printer was required.

He was so far committed in his own purpose to the career to which he believed himself called, that he had recently removed to London, and found employment in the office of the well-known and learned Methodist printer, James Nichols, and had gained permission to attend some of the lectures and classes at the Hoxton Institution. Being convinced of the immense importance, if he should be sent

abroad, of gaining some working knowledge of at least the elements of medicine and surgery, he put himself under the instruction of a well-qualified man, who had the good sense not to attempt to teach him too much ; and also accompanied a friend, who was studying medicine, to a hospital, where he got some general outlines of anatomical knowledge in the dissecting-room, and some valuable practical principles of surgery in the operating theatre. The information thus acquired was of great service to him and to many others ; and, on his return from Fiji, he insisted strongly upon the necessity of giving some specific training of this kind to all young missionaries.

At the Conference of 1837 he was accepted as a candidate for the Ministry, and forthwith entered Hoxton as a resident student. He had been here but little more than six months when an importunate appeal came for the immediate reinforcement of the new mission to the Fijian Islands. This appeal was widely circulated, and met with a very warm response. The people at home sent in special contributions, and strongly urged the Missionary Committee to despatch the required help at once. The Committee decided to send two men and a printing press. With devoted liberality, the widow of Robert Carr Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire, offered to bear the cost of outfit and passage of John Hunt,

a young Lincolnshire man, who had been studying for more than two years at Hoxton, and, with Thomas Jaggar, was now designated for Fiji. She further offered to give £50 annually towards his support for three years if a third man should be sent. The Committee consented; and young Calvert was selected for the post. Thus his college training came to an untimely end; and throughout his life he greatly deplored the loss.

Calvert's commission for Fiji reached him on March 15th, 1838, with instructions to make all necessary preparations to sail in a month from that time. Amongst the most important of these preparations was his marriage, in regard to which he had not even entered into any formal engagement. He had, a few months before, been introduced into the home of his friend, Philip Fowler—who was himself shortly to enter the Wesleyan Ministry—in the village of Aston Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, and had thus formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Fowler. Afterwards another visit had been paid, but no apparent progress had been made towards a closer intimacy. When, however, the missionary summons compelled immediate action, and Calvert hastened down to Aston Clinton to ask Mary Fowler to become his wife, and to start in a few weeks for the South Seas, it became evident that a very important approach to a good understanding had

already been tacitly effected. She gave her consent; and, a week later, they were married.

After giving himself to the Lord, James Calvert never did a better thing for himself or for the sacred service to which he was committed than when he gained Mary Fowler for his wife. She was an earnest Christian, and had devoted herself to Christian work to the full measure of her opportunities. She had good health, a bright and indomitable spirit, singularly free from selfishness, and quick with the warmest sympathies. She rejoiced in enterprise, and held herself cheerfully ready to undertake toil or incur danger as the call came. Never once did she encumber her husband's work, but, by her unsparing self-devotion, her tender lovingkindness, joined with great natural sagacity and shrewd good sense, was a source of strength and joy to him through the greater part of his life.

A few days after the marriage, Mr. Calvert, with his two companions in the mission, John Hunt, and Thomas J. Jaggar, was ordained at Hackney; and the party embarked at Gravesend on April 28th, on board the *Despatch*, Captain Wood, bound for Sydney. The voyage, which lasted four months all but five days, was a good one, and without remarkable incident. They received a warm welcome and generous hospitality in Sydney; and the young missionaries, during the two months they spent in the

colony, were fully employed in preaching and attending various meetings, and in getting stores together for their further voyage and for use in the islands.

The following extract from Mrs. Calvert's Life* belongs to this period, and shows how thoroughly Mr. Calvert and his bride were one in the Master's service, and how He gave them at the very outset of their united life to taste together the blessedness of success. In Sydney

"Mr. Calvert had to take an out-door service one Sunday morning near the Haymarket. With a little impatience of zeal, as it seemed to some, he began before the appointed time, and found no congregation. His young wife accompanied him, and, as she had often done at home, started the tune of the opening hymn. Very soon the people gathered to the sound, and the preacher went on with his work, his faithful companion standing by and handing tracts to those who would take them. The next day a letter came from a gentleman, telling a strange story. On the Saturday he had landed from Tasmania, where he had been living a godless life for many years. At his lodgings, when night came, he made the discovery that his pocket had been picked, and about forty pounds stolen. The shock of finding himself thus penniless and friend-

* *Memoir of Mary Calvert*, London, 1882.

less in a strange land excited and aggravated the misery of a guilty conscience, and he fell into utter despair; insomuch that, in the course of a restless night, he resolved to put an end to his life. In the morning he sharpened his penknife, and went out towards the churchyard, intending there to open an artery in his neck. On his way, the clear, sweet voice of a singer broke in upon his dark mood like a holy spell, and he must needs turn aside to listen; and the thought formed itself that it would be well to join in one act of worship before he died. As he heard song, and prayer, and exhortation, long-forgotten good came crowding back into his mind—the thought of a Methodist home far away in London, and his mother, a good class-leader, who died when he was a boy; and, receiving a tract, as he said, 'from the young lady,' he turned away to face life once more. The reading of the tract completed his decision to seek after God. When told afterwards that the preacher—he knew not why—had begun the service too soon, he wept, and said, 'If you had not, I should have been a dead man.'"

It would appear that out-door preaching in those days in Sydney was resented as an innovation; and gave rise to a newspaper controversy, in which the young missionaries were roundly abused on one side, and warmly defended on the other.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING ON HIS MISSION—LAKEMBA.

How the Mission in Fiji was begun.—Cross and Cargill.—Voyage from Sydney.—Visit to the Friendly Islands.—Arrival in Fiji.—Settled at Lakemba.—Trading with the Natives.—Language.—Pilfering.—Native Justice.—First Preaching and Printing.—Wreck and Peril of Native Christians.—Voyaging in Fiji.—Mbau.—Tanoa.—Viwa and Namosimalua.—Rewa.—Narrow Escape at Moturiki.—The Firstborn.—Namuka.—Arrival of the Rev. R. B. Lyth.—Left Alone at Lakemba.—Lomaloma.—Encouragements.—Self-sown Seed of the Kingdom.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING ON HIS MISSION—LAKEMBA.

AT this point it is necessary to tell how things stood with the new mission to Fiji in 1838. It had been begun just three years before, and this is how it came to pass. The important group of the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific, had been occupied by the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society in 1826, and the work had advanced year by year with marked success, so that, nine years after the commencement, there were eight missionaries on the ground, and a church had been formed of more than four thousand members.

The Tongans—the name given to the Friendly Islanders from one of the chief islands of this group —were always bold and skilful navigators, and voyaged far on those great double canoes which excited the admiration of Captain Cook, and would carry nearly a hundred men, besides several tons of freight. They had long traded with the larger group, two hundred and fifty miles westward, named Viti,

or as the Tongans called it, Fiji.* The missionaries in Tonga thus got to hear much about Fiji and its inhabitants; and what they heard was about as terrible a story as could be told of savagery grown to hideous proportions among a strong, able, and intelligent people. Cannibalism, with all its attendant horrors of murderous outrage, was an established institution, having its exact code of rule and observance. Wars were frequent, and the strangling of widows and destruction of infants were practices of recognised custom.

To the little mission band, who had surmounted the first difficulties of their work in Tonga, there was nothing to attract in the forbidding picture thus set before them, except the urgent claims of the people's own immense want. This claim they speedily acknowledged, never doubting that they were called to challenge the hitherto undisturbed rule of darkness in Fiji. The very significant fact, however, must not be forgotten, that the first work of the Gospel in Fiji, though feeble and imperfect, was done by Tongan Christians. Of the many Tongans who voyaged to the other group, and were sometimes compelled by persistent adverse winds to

* It is now universally known by this name, although, curiously enough, the sounds represented by the first and third letters of the word do not exist in the language of the Viti people themselves.

stay there for months together, some were converts; and they carried with them, and made known the truth which had brought blessing to them and their own land. By the help of these, on their return home, and by intercourse with Fijian sailors, the missionaries gained an elementary knowledge of the language sufficient to enable them to take the first steps towards giving it a written form. Not only was an alphabet thus provided, but a "First Book" of four pages was printed, and a simple catechism prepared. This provisional work, alphabet and all, had, of course, to be revised afterwards in the light of further knowledge.

The mission staff was all too small to meet the fast-growing demands of the work in the Friendly Islands, which had just been rapidly extended by a wonderful visitation of power, followed by the conversion of thousands, including the supreme chief, King George, and his queen. At the close of 1834, the year of this great revival, the District Meeting resolved to set apart two missionaries at once to enter upon the new mission to Fiji; but it was not until October of the following year that the Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, with their wives and little children, landed at Lakemba, the island nearest to Tonga, where, among the large number of Tongan immigrants, and because of the fact that the language of these was more or less familiar to

many of the islanders, it was possible to begin work at once.

The history of the first three years of the mission is of thrilling interest. The leaders of it suffered greatly from sickness and want. They endured at times active persecution; and certainly, to them, increase of knowledge of their surroundings brought increase of sorrow. The enormous difficulties of the work seemed to them now far greater than when they first took it up. But they never faltered; and such success was won that their hopes were larger and more confident than ever.

This, then, was the state of affairs in 1838. Here was an archipelago stretching about 300 miles from north to south, and the same distance from east to west, containing some 80 inhabited islands, for the most part very small, but with two of considerable size—Viti Levu having an area of 4,112 square miles, and Vanua Levu 2,432. The population of the whole group was about 130,000. They seem never to have been idolaters in the sense of attempting to represent their gods in material form. Certain stones, however, and certain birds and other animals were specially reverenced as, in some vague way, enshrining deities. Most of their gods were strictly local, and had temples where offerings were presented, and priests who exercised a very real power over the people. The system of

government was essentially feudal. The local chiefs, holding well-defined grades of varying rank, were tributary to certain greater chiefs or kings; and at the time now described the supreme power was being steadily gathered into the hands of one man, Tanoa, whose son, the late Thakombau, ceded the group to Great Britain in 1874. Near to the royal town of this potentate, in the west or leeward part of the group, Mr. Cross had gone to live, so that the mission had two centres, one at Lakemba on the east, and another about 200 miles to the west, at Rewa, on the south-east of Viti Levu, or Great Fiji.

Our missionary party in Sydney found that the work of collecting and packing goods and articles for barter was no light business, for it was impossible to foresee when the next supplies would reach them, as communication with the islands was very uncertain. Their passage was taken on board a small schooner, which proved to be a wretched craft, badly found, and showing more capacity for pitching and rolling, even when there was but little wind, than for making headway when the weather was most favourable. They had a good start, however; for there was leaving Sydney, on the same day, the Rev. John Williams, of the London Society, accompanied by a band of nine missionaries. In little more than a year afterwards this veteran was killed and eaten

at Erromanga; but no foreboding clouded the joy of that day, when, on board the steamer which took them down to the Sydney Heads, both companies joined in praise and prayer, and cheerily bade one another Godspeed. Then followed twenty-six days of misery. Yet our party managed on each of the three Sundays to hold religious services on board, and all three missionaries preached in turn.

It was a wonderful refreshment and rest to get ashore for a little while at Tonga, where they had the warm welcome which, perhaps, only such circumstances could occasion, from the mission band in the islands. Here the young voyagers had their first sight of Polynesian scenery and life; and here, too, they were put in good heart by seeing a great Christian victory already won—a plentiful harvest following twelve years of work and waiting. The king's canoe was sent to bring the ladies ashore; and this was but one of many tokens telling how great a change had come to pass. But, most impressive of all, before they left the group, they heard the king himself preach to a congregation of his people. Not a word of the fluent and quietly earnest sermon could they understand, but they knew that his text was our Lord's saying, "No man can serve two masters," with the following counsel: "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life," on to the end of the verse.

The stores which they had brought for the Tonga mission were all landed; and the captain of the *Letitia* was anxious to complete his somewhat risky voyage. But, detained by foul winds and calms, they were yet three weeks before they got clear of the Friendly Islands. On the fourth day after leaving they had the first sight of Lakemba, the easternmost of the larger islands of the group, about which, for some months past, they had daily thought, and talked, and prayed, imagining and wondering many things concerning this the destined scene of their life's work. Early on Saturday afternoon, December 22nd, 1838, the *Letitia* came to anchor. Mr. Cargill, in the little mission-house on the western side of the island, knew nothing of their arrival; and the three missionaries, leaving their wives on board, went ashore in the ship's boat, and walked across the island, thus bringing the first news of their coming. When the news reached him, Mr. Cargill was shaving; and, in his eagerness, suspended the operation, and appeared half shaven to greet them. It need not be told with what warmth of loving welcome they were received, nor how all joined together in fervent praise to God. On the next day, Sunday, the ladies disembarked, and the united mission band, in that house "where prayer was wont to be made," joined in Divine worship, Mr. Hunt being the preacher. Then followed a busy

week, getting ashore, and stowing away goods and stores and the printing press and all its belongings. A District Meeting was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hunt left to join Mr. Cross at Rewa, in the far west of the group. Houses also had to be prepared; but every one worked with a will, and such rapid progress was made, that on the fourth day of the New Year Mr. Calvert was able to write the brief entry in his journal, "Commenced housekeeping." The residence which he thus began was expected to be but long enough to give him opportunity to gain some command of the language, as he had consented, at the request of his brethren, to open an entirely new station, at Somosomo, a town of great importance on an island on the north of the group. This arrangement, however, was never carried out; and, little as he expected it, he was to remain upon Lakemba for nearly ten years.

The conditions of housekeeping in Fiji, in those early days, were strange, and some of them very troublesome to the young mission band. That all payments were made in articles of barter was, at first, not a little perplexing; but it had its points of interest, and, above all, it gave constant opportunities for very direct intercourse with the people, and the daily gathering of words and phrases used in common speech. In this process Mr. Calvert, from the beginning, proved to be very expert. Some

members of the mission carefully built up a scientific knowledge of the Fijian tongue; but he, without philosophic hesitation or questioning, caught by ear the beautiful language, with its open syllables, and wealth of rich, full vowels and picturesque expressions, direct from the lips of the people, and thus gained very early the power of conversing with them, and in a few years had a ready mastery of their vernacular, in which he has never been excelled.

Another marked feature of the new life was far less interesting; the people soon gave very unwelcome evidence that, besides other virtues, they sadly lacked honesty. The missionaries could not but admire the wonderful skill with which men, whose dress was an almost irreducible minimum, succeeded in secreting and carrying away little articles of no great value in themselves, but very important where it was impossible to replace them. But the theft of their only two kettles, where no other kettles could be obtained, was no small domestic calamity. One night, a wall of one of the houses—a wall, it should be said, constructed in native fashion of reeds—was cut through, and a large number of articles of clothing were stolen. The morning disclosed not only this serious loss, but a heap of stones placed in readiness for an attack if the inmates had been disturbed. When things came to this pass it seemed time to appeal to the principal chief, or king,

Tui Nayau, who had promised that the persons and property of the missionaries should be protected. Mr. Cargill and Mr. Calvert, therefore, waited upon him, and represented that their love to him and his people was great, and their only wish in coming to Lakemba and remaining in his dominions was to be useful to him and his people, by teaching them the commands of the true God, so that they might be blessed here and hereafter. The king replied: "I am ashamed because of the covetousness and dishonesty of my people; they have acted very ill; but be of good mind, until I search for the stolen property; and if the very articles cannot be found I will cause a recompense to be made for them." A few days afterwards, the king's brother and several other chiefs came, bringing back a very few of the things stolen, and, as recompense for the rest, the top joints of four little fingers, which, according to Fijian custom, had been cut off, not from the culprits themselves, but from their children! When the missionaries expressed their deep regret at this cruelty, they were told, "It is one of the ways in which we punish criminals; and we hope you will be of good mind, that we may live together in peace." It need not be said that this experience of the crooked severity of native justice made the missionaries determine to put up with a great deal of loss and trouble before they again invoked its interference.

Mr. Calvert and his young wife set themselves to teach the people, by example, forbearance, and a love which refused to be provoked to any retaliation. At first this altogether new thing was wholly misunderstood; but kind offices readily rendered to the suffering, and friendly visiting of the people in their own houses, at last won their confidence, and slowly awakened kindly feelings in return, so that, a few months afterwards, Mr. Calvert wrote, perhaps too hopefully, "We are now free from robberies and insult, and live in great peace. Your missionaries and cause are respected by the chiefs and natives, so that the mission appears to have obtained a firm and permanent establishment here."

During the first weeks of their residence, the new missionaries had experience of another too frequent peculiarity of life in Fiji. A fierce hurricane swept over the island, and greatly damaged the houses of the mission, carrying away altogether some of the outbuildings. This made necessary immediate repairs and rebuilding; and as a place had to be provided for the printing-press, Mr. Calvert accompanied Mr. Cargill to obtain posts for building. They applied to a chief of high rank who had some ready cut, but were met by a direct refusal. He told them that the posts were prepared for a temple, and, as the gods had seen them, he dared not let them go, for fear that the gods should eat him.

It was but three months after his coming that Calvert began to preach. No doubt his broken Fijian sounded strange to his hearers; but the very earnestness of the man would not let him delay. He was well content to suffer for a time the discredit of speaking badly rather than not begin to speak the great message of which his heart was full. So he kept on, blundering much, but adding day by day to his stock of words and phrases. In later years, when he had opportunities of seeing mission work elsewhere, he thankfully recognised how much they owed of their success in Fiji to the fact that at the beginning of their enterprise there was no chance of their falling into the temptation to speak through interpreters.

Calvert had fully reckoned upon being employed in working the press. One of his colleagues, however, understood printing, and, after a good deal of deliberation, it was decided that the press should be set up at Rewa. The result fully justified this policy. Rewa was near to Mbau, which was gaining more and more of a metropolitan rank in the group; and it was found highly expedient to adopt the dialect of the language spoken in that district as the literary standard. Already Cross and Cargill, the latter of whom was a man of good culture, had effected some translations, which, however imperfect, were of great service at the time; and as early as March

1839, 840 copies of a First Catechism were issued from the mission press at Rewa, followed, soon after, by the Gospel according to St. Mark.

About the same time a thing happened which disclosed some important peculiarities of Fijian custom. A chief and nine men, all Christians, were wrecked, and, after swimming a great distance, landed on an uninhabited island some two miles away from Lakemba. Here their peril was by no means at an end. They had no way of escape, and they dreaded discovery; for custom prescribed that all wrecked persons who came ashore should be put to death and eaten. One of them, however, at last ventured to swim across to Lakemba. Twice he returned, overcome by fear of the fate which threatened him. The third time he finished the journey, and landed unobserved. Soon afterwards he met some of the people, who, seeing his drenched condition, questioned him. The poor fellow's terror was too much for his newly awakened conscience, and he invented some story of having put clay on his head, and having gone into the sea to wash it off, that this happened at a distant place, from which he had swum all the way. As soon as he could, he told into friendly ears the secret of his companions' danger, and three canoes were forthwith sent off to fetch them. But their rescue proved to be difficult; for, in their fear, they had cut for themselves clubs

with an axe which one of them had saved, and had then betaken themselves to the top of a hill for safety. At last they recognised their friends, and were brought to Lakemba. Their escape was, in all respects, a wonderful event. It was no small thing that, in the case of these Christians, a horrible usage had not been carried out. Herein already was some token of hope that the old savagery would yield to the truth. But, besides this, the danger of the saved men had been desperate. They were six hours in the water, swimming and supporting themselves on pieces of wreckage. And it surely was a beautiful thing, and a marvel in Fiji, that, during those hours of peril and weariness, the sincerity of their faith and love was shown in that nine times they gathered all together as they floated, and joined in prayer; and when one of their number became exhausted they collected the pieces of wood which supported them that he might rest upon them. The seed of the Gospel was already beginning to bring forth fruit after its kind.

Shortly after this Mr. Calvert had his first experience of voyaging amongst the islands. The missionaries had been waiting some time to visit the island of Ono, about one hundred and fifty miles away, at the extreme south of the group. The marvellous story of the coming and the spread of the Gospel here will be told later on. It is sufficient

now to say that, without having seen a missionary, nearly all the inhabitants had become Christians, and earnestly begged for a visit that they might receive the sacraments, and be married with religious rites. At the beginning of May an opportunity seemed to offer, in the arrival of a small schooner belonging to some white people at Levuka. A passage was engaged, but, the wind being unfavourable, it was resolved to sail to Rewa first, one hundred and twenty miles westward, and visit the brethren, Cross and Hunt, to consult with them about future plans. Full particulars of this journey of Cargill and Calvert are given as furnishing a fair specimen of Fijian travel in those days and for many years afterwards; and as introducing certain important actors in the history of the time.

On the evening of the day after starting they reached Nukulau, a little islet six miles off Rewa, which is on the great island of Viti Levu, or Great Fiji. They sent off a letter to the mission station, and at midnight Mr. Hunt arrived in a small canoe, in which they accompanied him to Rewa, getting there about three in the morning. On that day, Sunday, Mr. Cargill preached in a chief's house to fifty people, and Mr. Calvert conducted an English service with the members of the mission. On the next morning they set out at three o'clock, in a small and rickety canoe, to visit Mbau, a little

island scarcely separated from the mainland of Great Fiji, and containing what was virtually the metropolis of Fiji. The journey of about twenty miles was accomplished by 11 A.M. They were received very kindly by the old king, Tanoa, the highest chief in the entire group, whom Mr. Cargill describes. It may be added here that this chief lived and died a cannibal and a strict upholder of the worst customs of the people, although acting, for the most part, in a friendly way towards the missionaries.

"Tanoa, the King of Mbau, appears to be on the verge of seventy. He is tall and slender in his person, and forbidding in his aspect. His eye still retains considerable lustre and keenness. The hair of his head is closely shaven; his beard is bushy and long. Age and infirmity have made them white, but, through a desire to appear young, his head, face, beard, and breast, are generally daubed with an earth which produces a jet black colour. On the back of his head, and near his right ear, are two fearful scars, caused by the blows of a club which was wielded by the arm of his brother, Naulivou, the late King of Mbau, in an attempt to kill Tanoa. His conduct to us was kind and respectful, and his conversation cheerful. He presented us with a fine large hog. His house is incomparably the largest and best that

I have ever seen in the South Sea Islands. The workmanship displays great ingenuity. Its length is one hundred and thirty-five feet, and its width forty-two feet. His son, Seru [afterwards called Thakombau], is not by any means prepossessing in his appearance and manners. He will probably be his father's successor in the government of Mbau. While in Tanoa's house, we met with the King and Queen of Rewa. They are both of princely aspect and agreeable manners." The site was visited which the king had given to Mr. Cross for the mission, with a promise to build a mission-house for them—a promise which remained long unfulfilled. Then they set out for Viwa, another small island just off the coast, about two miles away, and the chief of which, Namosimalua, had become a Christian.

"Such a remarkable man as Namosimalua, the Viwan chief, deserves more particular mention. In all the Fijian wars of his time he had taken an active part, and his great shrewdness and foresight made him the very Ulysses of the conspirators in the great rebellion. It was he who gave the counsel to kill the old king's stripling son (Thakombau), who afterwards proved the prudence of the advice by crushing the whole revolt. When Tanoa fled, Namosimalua was chosen to pursue him, receiving as a reward Vatea, a young lady of rank, niece of

the king, together with six whale's teeth. He, with his party, reached the island of Koro, while Tanoa was then on his flight to Somosomo. Namosi had a plan of his own, and, instead of going at once where he had reason to believe that the king was, landed at another part of the island. While his people were eager to carry on the pursuit, he delayed them by preparing food, and assuring them that the next day would be soon enough. In the meantime he secretly sent a message to Tanoa, warning him of his danger; and when, in the morning, he and his followers renewed the chase, they saw the king sailing away out of their reach towards Somosomo, where he would soon be safe among his relatives. Returning to Mbau with a show of great chagrin, Namosi asked for a fleet in which he might at once sail to Somosomo, and demand the person of the fugitive king. With a large party he went, and, as he fully expected, got nothing but a flat refusal. He had, however, accomplished his own object. He had convinced the other rebel chiefs of his devotion to their cause, while he gained the friendship of the king, which was to serve him well when matters took a turn. When Thakombau overcame the rebellion and brought his father back, Namosi was spared, while the other revolted chiefs fell; and Tanoa would never consent to his death, much as it was urged by Thakombau, who could not forget the

advice given that he himself should be slain. Many, though astonished at Namosi's escape, remained ignorant of the secret cause of Tanoa's friendship for him. Thakombau never forgave him; and fifteen years afterwards Mr. Calvert had to plead hard that the chief's life might be spared. When Namosimalua died, Thakombau exclaimed, 'There! you have escaped without the club falling on your head!'" (*Fiji and the Fijians*, p. 409.)

Such was the man, and such, in part, was his record, who had declared to Mr. Cross his intention to become Christian, for which step he had Tanoa's full sanction. It is no wonder that, knowing the character of the man for craftiness and deception, Mr. Cross distrusted his proposal, suspecting motives of very questionable policy. But, after a time, the genuineness of the chief's reformation could be no longer doubted; and he continued to show great earnestness in seeking and receiving religious instruction. His conduct remained blameless. Before building his own house, he had set up a large and beautiful chapel upon a hill in Viwa.

"His principal wife," says Mr. Cargill, "is a person of very high rank, and is very interesting in her appearance and manners. She has made considerable progress in reading. I had the pleasure of

preaching in the new chapel to the young converts. They listened with much attention. As Namosimalua was about to sail for another island, to transact some business for Tanoa, he requested to be favoured with a teacher, who might accompany and instruct him. This appeared to me a strong proof of his sincerity. He is 'not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'"

Mr. Calvert and his companion started in their crazy little canoe for Rewa, a nearly twenty miles' journey, with a strong contrary wind and a rough sea. The men worked hard, and were all but exhausted when, at midnight, they reached a point on the Rewa river about eight miles from the town. Here the missionaries landed to walk the rest of the distance, "which," writes Mr. Calvert, "was even more difficult than going in our canoe; for the way was very bad and slippery, and our guide was not well acquainted with it. We fell down many times, and at length got another man to accompany us at a village through which we passed. We arrived at Rewa about three o'clock." Here they remained for two days in consultation about the affairs of the mission, and spent another Sunday. On the Monday they embarked once more on the schooner, and during the next ten days attempted again and again to get away, but were prevented by the weather.

At last the wind fell, and was fair for the journey to Ono; but a few hours afterwards it changed and rose, so that they were driven back. In the night the gale became furious, and there seemed but little chance of the vessel weathering it. Day broke, and made their danger the more apparent.

"No land," wrote Mr. Cargill, "was in sight, and the sailors did not know where we were. About 11 A.M. land appeared on the larboard side of the vessel. We endeavoured to sail for it, but found ourselves separated from it by an extensive reef. The sailors, being apprehensive of not being able to weather the reef, spoke of running the vessel upon it, and keep it from swamping in deep water, and thus, if possible, to save our lives. In a few minutes another island appeared in sight, and, with the blessing of God on the vigorous exertions of the sailors, we succeeded in getting to the inside of the reef which surrounds the island about 2 P.M. The water in the inside of the reef was deep and comparatively smooth, so that we sailed in safety. The name of the island is Moturiki; it is in the immediate vicinity of Ovalau, and is subject to Tanoa. We sailed into a small bay in Moturiki, with the intention of casting anchor, and of remaining there until the storm should abate; but, the men not being well acquainted with the bay, the vessel ran aground,

and, with all our exertions, we could not succeed in getting it into deep water. About four, the natives, seeing her lying on the reef, came off to us, with the intention, as we supposed, of plundering us; for it is a custom which prevails throughout Fiji, and is a dictate of their religion, to plunder the shipwrecked. They invited us to go and sleep in their houses, stating that the vessel was in a very bad condition, and would probably never float again. They proposed to take all the property out of her, in order to lighten her, and used every artifice to induce us to abandon her. But, finding their efforts unavailing, they at length reluctantly left us. About high-water, after midnight, they returned in a canoe, and maintained unbroken silence. They approached very near to the vessel, but, finding it afloat, returned without speaking a word. Thus Providence watched over us, and rescued us from the designs of avaricious and wicked men."

Fifteen years later, Mr. Calvert was in far greater peril on that same shore of Moturiki, and was wonderfully delivered. Now, after repairing the rudder, which had been injured in running aground, they once more got under way, the natives shouting and beating the sand and water with their clubs. On account of the heavy weather they kept within the enclosure of the great reef, and came to anchor

in a bay of the island of Ovalau. Here they landed, and, with ten of the crew and ten natives, walked eight miles to the town of Levuka, the place where the white settlers lived, and where the schooner had been built. Here, being kindly treated by the white men, they were kept by stress of weather for thirteen days, after which they sailed for home, and, early on the morning of the third day, landed once more at Lakemba. Their long absence had been altogether unexpected, and Mr. Calvert's anxiety on account of his wife had been extreme. Good Mrs. Cargill well understood his trouble, and before they could get ashore called out to him the good news that he was a father, and that all was going well at the mission-house, where the whole mission party forthwith assembled, to join in a service of grateful praise.

On Sunday, June 23rd, Mr. Calvert writes :—

"Preached in English in our house this evening. Our dear child was baptised to-day. Her name is Mary. She is only three weeks old this evening. About forty Fijians and Tongans were baptised at the same time. We held a Lovefeast in the afternoon. We had a very good day. Seventy spoke.

"*June 27th.*—Sailed for Nanuka, fifty miles distant, in a native canoe. The wind became contrary, and we did not arrive until the following day.

"*June 30th.*—Baptised ten adults and six children, and preached twice. The people are steady in their profession of Christianity, but ignorant, having spent their early days in heathenism.

"On visiting the heathen chief, who is the ambassador of this place to Lakemba, I found him lying on a mat very ill. I talked to him some time about Christianity. He said that it was very good, and that he should become religious when the chief of Lakemba did. I showed him the folly of determining to do wrong because others did, and urged him not to delay, but to seek preparation for meeting the King of kings, and Lord of lords. However, my entreaties did not produce the desired effect; yet I trust that they will be as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. I offered to him some medicine. He refused to take it, saying he was afraid it would kill him. I told him that it would have been easy for me to do injury in my own country; and it would, therefore, have been unwise and unnecessary for me to leave all the blessings of England, endure all the privations and sufferings of a long sea voyage, and a residence in a heathen land, for that purpose; that my only design in coming to Fiji was to do good to the bodies and souls of men. I at length prevailed upon him to take some medicine. When I called upon him the following day he was up, and was very thankful for

the benefit which he had received from the medicine, and wished to have some more. He presented me with a neat, good, and useful mat, as a token of love and gratitude. On the next day, on returning to the native house in which I was residing, I was surprised to find that he had provided a feast for me, and had sent a large quantity of cooked food."

On his return to Lakemba Mr. Calvert found that long-expected reinforcements had arrived. Mr. Lyth and Mr. Spinney had been transferred from the Friendly Islands; but the latter was in such ill health that it was evident that he must hasten to New South Wales, where he died a few months later. It thus became necessary to revise the plans which had been made for the distribution of the mission forces; and it was decided that Mr. Calvert should remain alone at Lakemba. "This," he says, "appeared to me a very formidable undertaking, that I, with only a partial knowledge of the language, should be the only missionary at this station, which is at least a hundred and twenty miles from Somosomo, and more than that from Rewa and Mbau. However, as it appeared to me that the present cheering prospects of our mission in the good openings here demanded such a sacrifice at some person's hands, I was perfectly willing to make that sacrifice if the District meeting should so

resolve. May the Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve, undertake for me and bless me in this great work."

Two days later all the rest of the mission party had left, and he writes, "We are left alone in this land of heathenism and thieves." With all the work of the mission on their hands the young missionary and his wife had, just at this time, a fresh tax on their time and strength in the appearance of influenza among the people, brought, it was believed, by an English vessel. Many were ill, and much work was done in looking after them and administering medicines. In the midst of this came very welcome cheer in the arrival of a canoe from Vavau, bringing ten Christian Tongans, with their wives and children. These men had come to help in the Fiji mission, and were at once despatched to different places to begin their work.

Having heard that two persons had become Christians at a town called Nasaugalu, Mr. Calvert waited on the king and his brother to beg of them that no hindrance should be put in the way of these or of others in the Lakemba territories who should become converts. He obtained a somewhat cold and hesitating assent to his request; but was pleased when the king's brother, who was notoriously opposed to Christianity, admitted that it was a very good thing. The next day Calvert went to the place

and was greatly disappointed to find that one of the reported converts was dead, and no other could be heard of. On his way back he met two of the king's wives, who were going with a message to the people of Nasaugalu, that if they became Christians they must find a home elsewhere. He records his sorrow, and then plucks up courage again, as he enters in his journal, "The Lord reigneth; and therefore, in the midst of opposition and discouraging circumstances, we are glad." Two days later, he writes :—

"Preached at Nukunuku and Narathaki. Travelling here is difficult. The roads—if such they may be called—are very bad. I had to walk part of the way barefoot. I suppose I have walked sixteen miles. The congregations are very small. However, our business is to sow the seed. We have to prepare the way for greater things, which, I doubt not, will assuredly follow. Two persons embraced Christianity in the morning. I had also several opportunities of speaking to people whom I met, and others whom I saw working. I trust that good will thereby be effected. Some of the persons to whom I spoke are from distant islands, and some from a distant town on this island. By our residence here the torrent of vice is stemmed, and a way prepared for the waters of life to run through these lands.

Knowledge is increasing among the heathen and those who are professedly Christian; and we know that the religion which we teach is mighty, and the more it is opposed the deeper it takes root, and will take root, and bring forth fruit, which shall be to the praise and glory of Him at whose command we have come into this wilderness.

"*August* 11*th.*—Ratu Bukarau, a chief from Lomaloma, came here to-day, having heard that some teachers had come from Tonga, desirous to know whether some would go to his place. He has maintained his profession of Christianity without any person to instruct him. He was much pleased at finding that two men would go to him when they had obtained sufficient knowledge of the Fijian language. His father, who is the principal chief on that island, has desired him to desist, and many others. The priests have said that there would not be rain, and the ground would be scorched so as not to produce food, on account of his having embraced religion. Their craft is in danger. He asked where the priests would go in the event of a famine."

Lomaloma is a larger island than Lakemba, and about eighty miles distant. Only one teacher appears to have been sent, who was warmly welcomed by the chief. He found ten of the people professing Christianity, besides six belonging to other islands.

Ratu Bukarau proved to be a very powerful chieftain, and a man of great earnestness and courage. He visited other chiefs, telling them all he knew of the Christian faith, and strongly urging them to accept it. Public service was held in his house, which was crowded, while a great number stood listening outside.

In this case there is an instance of that which was one of the most striking and deeply interesting features of the early days of the Gospel in Fiji. In the most unexpected places, often far away from any spot which the missionaries had reached, they were surprised and made very glad to hear of a growth of the truth which had sprung up from seed carried and sown they could not tell how, until afterwards the whole story came to be made known. And let the full significance of the historical fact be well noted, and its evidence weighed, that wherever this growth appeared, the fruit which it bore, though differing much in measure and in the ripeness of it, was in all cases the same. Men not only quitted one faith for another, but they set themselves to escape from customary evils of their lives, while they became possessed of a strange zeal to persuade others to receive the newly discovered truth.

CHAPTER III.

LAKEMBA AND ONO.

Planting of the Gospel in Ono.—Wai.—A Strange Act of Worship.—Josiah.—Isaac Ravuata.—Progress.—An Appeal.—Voyage to Ono.—Vatoa.—Work at Ono.—Safe Return.—Correspondence with Hunt on Sanctification.—The Story of Tovo.—Sickness and Depression.—Visit of Rev. John Waterhouse, and Arrival of Rev. Thomas Williams.—Ono Revisited.—Faith in the Heathen Gods failing.—Oneata.—Chapel Opening.—Tangithi's Illness.—Lualala.—Visit of King George of Tonga.—Lomaloma.—Cannibal Scenes at Somosomo.—Sickness.—Confessions of a Priest.—A Bad Englishman.—Great Work in Ono.—Success at Wathiwathi.—First Parting with the Children.—Illness of Mrs. Calvert.—Death of Hunt.—Farewell to Lakemba.

CHAPTER III.

LAKEMBA AND ONO.

IT has already been stated that soon after Mr. Calvert's arrival, he set out with Mr. Cargill to visit the island of Ono, one hundred and fifty miles away, but was hindered by contrary winds from making the voyage. The wonderful and beautiful story of the planting of the Gospel in Ono must now be told.

In 1835, the year in which Cross and Cargill landed in Fiji, there was great trouble in Ono, the principal of a little cluster of islands forming the southern outpost of the group, and tributary to Lakemba. An epidemic sickness thinned the population, and many of the men were killed in war. All the prescribed forms of sacrifice and worship were observed in order to propitiate the gods; but no help came. The time had arrived for sending tribute to Lakemba, and a chief named Wai was the bearer of it. In Lakemba he met a Christian chief, Takai, who had visited Sydney, Tahiti, and the Friendly Islands, and from him heard for the first time about the true God. He went home, carrying

this new knowledge, which was about as scanty as it could be. All he had to tell his people was that there was one true God, named Jehovah, and that He required one day in the seven to be set apart for rest and for worship. Beyond this he could teach them absolutely nothing. Discontented with their own gods, who left them to suffer unaided, Wai and a few of the islanders agreed that they would try this new Deity, and began by keeping a Sabbath, for which food was prepared; and the worshippers gathered with their skins newly oiled, and wearing their best head-dresses and waist-cloths. Now a grave difficulty met them. How should they approach the great God? The idea of prayer, as an act separate from the mediation of a priest, was wholly unknown to them. After consultation, they sent for one of their own heathen priests to come and conduct their worship; and he, knowing that the old order was just then in great disfavour, and, perhaps, fearing to refuse, consented. Surely a stranger act of religious worship never took place than that which followed. Surely, if any harvest was to follow, a smaller seed was never sown. When all were seated—for to sit was the token of the most reverent respect in Fiji—the priest, sitting amongst them, thus led their devotions: "Lord, Jehovah! Here are Thy people. They worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping

another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people. Keep them from harm, and do them good." This service was repeated week by week; but the people longed to know more; and when a whaler, on her way to the Friendly Islands, called at Ono for provisions, they took a passage on her for two messengers, who should lay their case before the missionaries in Tonga, of whom Wai had heard. This mode of communication, however, was long and uncertain, and many months passed away.

But that curious, imperfect petition had in it so much of the real essence of prayer, being, in all its groping ignorance, a cry of want and real desire, that it was heard, and help came in an altogether unexpected way. A canoe, manned by Christian Tongans, on her return voyage from Lakemba, was driven by foul winds out of her course, and came to Vatoa, a little island about fifty miles from Ono. Hearing of what was going on there, one of the Tongans, Josiah by name, went thither, and was warmly welcomed by the little band of seekers after God, to whom he preached Christ. He remained among them, teaching them, as far as he could, the truths of the Gospel. Before long the company of worshippers grew to forty, and a chapel was built, which would hold a hundred persons. The two messengers reached Tonga, and learned that missionaries had been sent to Fiji, and that the application for help must be made to them.

But again the aid was to be provided in a very unforeseen way. An Ono youth, of wild and restless disposition, had found his way to Tonga, and there first heard the Gospel. Thence he voyaged to Lakemba, where he was converted, and became a consistent member of the Church. Having remained for some time under the care and instruction of the missionaries, this Isaac Ravuata was, in 1838, sent as a teacher to his own people. On reaching Ono he found a hundred and twenty adults professing Christianity, which meant, at least, that they had wholly abandoned the old heathen faith and worship, and were trying to follow, as far as they knew them, the teachings of Christ. These listened to the new teacher with much eagerness, and cheerfully supplied him with food and clothing. He, having himself learned to read, sent word back by the canoe to Mr. Cargill to send him some books; and, somehow, the hard-worked missionary found time to write out a few copies of a first catechism for his use. Before the year was out another Tongan teacher was sent; and, after the setting up of the press in the year following, two more were appointed, who carried with them a further supply of catechisms. They found that more than two hundred men and women had declared themselves Christians. Three chapels had been built, and were already insufficient for the people who came to the services.

In September 1839 Mr. Calvert writes in his journal:—

"I received the following letter from two of the teachers who have been stationed at Ono since February 1838: 'This letter is from John Havea and Isaac Ravuata. We love thee, Mr. Calvert. We make known to thee the effect of the grace of God since February 1838 to the present time. The work of the Lord has sprung up greatly. Do thou attend to us and the people who worship Jehovah. The number of the men who worship God in Ono is 120, the women 113. We disclose to thee what we have received for books—a great number of mats, a large quantity of yams, sinnet,* and native cloth. We have heard of scarcity of food at Lakemba, and desire to bring the goods to thee. The place of worship in Ono is 50 feet in length and 25 in width, but this is too small. Love from us and Lucy Havea to thee and Mrs. Calvert.' The following I received from two teachers whom I sent to a part of Ono: 'The letter of Jeremiah Latu, Lazarus Ndrala, and Agnes Latu. Great is our love to Mr. and Mrs. Calvert. Great are the effects of the grace and love of God in Ndoi [a small island off Ono]. Nearly all the people of Ono have become worshippers of the Lord. The numbers at Ndoi are 48 men and 47

* Braided cocoa-nut fibre, used for cord of all sizes.

women. Great are the riches [property contributed by the people] here belonging to thee; but we have no canoe to bring the property to Lakemba. We are dead in love to thee [a Fijian superlative], Mr. Calvert, but have not a canoe to bring the food. We beg of thee to send a canoe, and also a little ink. The good report has sprung up in this land, Ono. There are three houses of worship in Ono, one in Ono Levu, one in Matakaua, and one in Ndoi. Great is our love to thee and Mrs. Calvert.'

"The people from the canoe give an excellent report of the progress of Christianity in the island. They say that the chapels are crowded during Divine worship, and that many have to remain outside. They are most anxious to be taught, so that those belonging to the canoe who could sing or teach the catechism were not allowed to sleep during the night, but were engaged in instructing the natives. The people are very anxious for a visit from me immediately, in order that they may be married and baptised.

"On hearing these reports, Mrs. Calvert said, 'Do you intend to go?' I replied, 'How can I?' 'Why?' she asked. I answered, 'How can I leave you alone?' She said, 'It would be much better to leave me alone than to neglect so many people; and if you can arrange for the work to be carried on you ought to go.'"

Upheld by this saintly heroism of his young wife, he made ready to go as soon as a suitable craft could be found in which to make the long journey. His reluctance to leave Mrs. Calvert and her baby alone might well be increased by the news which came just at this time of war on the other side of the island on which they lived. Several, including two chiefs, had been killed, and a good many wounded. One side asked leave of the king to fight out their quarrel. He gave his consent, telling them to fight night and day until one party conquered, but that the killed on either side were to be brought to the principal town to be baked and eaten; the reason given being that there was a scarcity of food on the island. Hearing this, Mr. Calvert hastened to the king's house late at night, and found him in consultation with his brother and other chiefs. He presented a whale's tooth and a hatchet, according to custom, and then begged him to put an end to the war. After much talking the king promised to do so, and Mr. Calvert got home at midnight. Next day he found that the promise was not likely to be kept, and went to see the king again. He came away, however, much discouraged, and heard that the king had said, "To-morrow is the day for eating men." A few days after, the welcome news came that the people themselves had made peace.

The rest of this first year of his mission life was

spent in visiting the places on Lakemba and such outlying islands as he could reach. He was also working continually at the language, and was able to preach without reading. In addition, he seriously set himself to learn also the Tongan language, as Lakemba was the chief port for the many Friendly Islanders who voyaged to Fiji. He was also busy preparing for the press, making copies of portions of the New Testament which older missionaries had translated. Once he started to visit Ono, but was obliged to put back again; and it was not until the last day of the year that he could again secure a passage. He then set out in a native canoe, carrying in all eighty persons.

"*December* 31*st*.—Sailed for Ono. At noon we were off Komo, where Josiah wished to sleep; but, on my desiring him to proceed, we went to Ongea.

"*January* 1*st*, 1840.—Sailed for Vatoa; but during the forenoon the sea became rough, and the wind strong and contrary, so that we were obliged to return. We reached Ongea again with difficulty. The men worked well.

"*January* 3*rd*.—Sailed again for Vatoa. The sea was very rough, so that we were driven to leeward of the island, and with great difficulty anchored at dark.

"*January* 5*th*.—Married eleven couples. On my

telling the chief that the law of God forbade his having two wives, and asking him what his mind was about putting away one of the two he then lived with, he said that his mind was truly fixed to follow the Lord, and therefore His law ruled him to give up one. He chose the aged one, the mother of his children. Though a teacher has been at this place only a month, the chief can read with ease in the Gospel of St. Matthew. I baptised two who have professed Christianity for some time. At this island there are five members, and thirty-nine on trial. The population, including the children, is seventy-two, and of these only three are heathens.

"*January* 6*th.*—Sailed to Ndoi, an island belonging to Ono. Wrote the names of the persons to be married and baptised. 7*th.*—Married twenty couples, and baptised seventy-four persons. I then sailed to Ono Levu (Great Ono), when I met the people, and wrote the names of the persons to be married. I then married thirty-seven couples. I afterwards wrote the names of those to be baptised. 8*th.*—Baptised a hundred and fifty-three persons, and addressed them. 9*th.*—Preached at Ono Levu. Visited the classes and schools, and met the teachers. 10*th.*—Went to Vuthi. Preached, married a couple, and baptised five. 12*th.*—Preached at the three places of worship. 15*th.*—We have been detained by contrary winds and the shattered state of the

canoe. Sailed to-day, but the wind being very strong, and the canoe rather heavily loaded, we were obliged to remain at Ndoi. 19*th*.—Preached at Ono Levu and Ndoi. 20*th*.—Sailed for Lakemba. After being two nights at sea, we landed, through the kind mercy of the Lord, at Lakemba, early in the morning of the 22*nd*; when I was pleased to find my dear wife and child well, without having been at all annoyed by the natives during my absence."

Such are the bare notes of a most real and memorable episcopal visitation. In writing to his dear friend, Hunt, then at Somosomo, he tells something of the joy with which he witnessed the wonderful work of God.

"My visit to Ono was heart-refreshing though body-tiring, and in some instances enough to make one afraid. I suppose the distance is at least a hundred and sixty miles, and it is a more than usually out of the way place. The land is very superior. I have not seen any island in Fiji equal to it. But the land is not more beautiful in its appearance and fertile in its productions than are the beauty and fruit of the work of the Lord our God amongst the natives. The inhabitants of Ono were proverbial for their insolence and bad conduct towards those who visited them. They even killed a Tui Nayau [a

king of Lakemba, their own suzerain] formerly. But how altered their state, and how different the fruits that proceed from such a change in their views, feelings, enjoyments, and pursuits! They are truly renewed characters, and exemplify in their conduct the transforming and powerful effects of the pardoning and changing grace of God, received by trusting in the atonement of Jesus. Seeing the blessed effects of the grace of God, how could I be otherwise than heartily glad, and exhort them all with full purpose of heart still to cleave to the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and truth with all their hearts? I felt unusually blessed in my work, though sometimes scarcely able to stand on account of weakness of body. Yet I thank the Lord that I was not prevented from completing my work, and preaching regularly during my stay. In meeting them in class I felt my soul quickened by hearing their spiritual experience; and what brightened my pleasure and gratitude was, that God had brought all this about by native instruments. Blessed be His holy name, who triumphs gloriously, and works mightily after the sovereign counsel of His own will, making His name great among the Gentiles! My soul would *swell* on such a theme as this, but I must close, and direct my mind and yours to another scene, widely different in its origin and probable results."

He then goes on to tell—showing the sharp contrasts in the mission life in those days—that on the Sunday morning after his return, as he was preparing for public worship, a sudden disturbance broke out, begun by some heathen people molesting certain Tongan Christians, and swiftly spreading, so as to threaten a violent conflict. Already, when he hastened to the king's house, the men were flocking together, armed and blackened as for war. In the end the peril was averted.

In the earlier months of 1840 Calvert was in bad health. This was, no doubt, largely owing to the straits to which they were sometimes brought in procuring suitable food. His predecessor had fared even worse; but things were now bad enough. The communication with the outer world in those days was infrequent and uncertain; and when their stores were exhausted, or their flour was spoiled, they subsisted very largely on yams and taro. They could generally get fish from the natives, but not always. Poultry was a rare luxury in those days; and the only flesh-meat to be obtained was pork, the most unsuitable of all for the climate. They got heartily tired of it, and would sometimes practise on their own imagination by serving the inevitable pork with caper-sauce. Calvert was working very hard, and the want of proper food made him ill. With loss of strength he also lost something of

spirit, and became, at times, depressed; and thus, while rejoicing in the successes gained elsewhere, mourned because of the want of much direct fruit of his own personal efforts. He showed all his soul in writing to Hunt. The following extracts from one of his letters are specially interesting as revealing the native simplicity of his character, and as containing the first mention of one important work which Hunt was proposing to himself. He had mentioned that he had some thought of writing upon the Scriptural teaching concerning Christian holiness. This design was afterwards carried out in a series of letters written to Calvert, which have been published, and form a most valuable system of careful exposition of this doctrine.*

"*February 29th.*—1840. You will see from my letter to —— my depression of soul on account of our work in these lands, and because of my own experience. Please, pray for me that I may have the spirit of constant prayer.

"You do well to think and write about and seek after entire sanctification. There is not anything that will do as a substitute. Our enjoyment, safety,

* *Entire Sanctification: Its Nature, The Way of its Attainment, and Motives for its Pursuit, In Letters to a Friend. By the late Rev. John Hunt.* London.

prosperity of soul, and usefulness depend upon our living in the enjoyment of this common Christian privilege, or pressing hard after it. We are safe and prosperous as it is explained, defended, and enforced by the preachers, and sought, obtained, and practised by the people. But how shall we preach it clearly and effectually if we do not enjoy it? Knowing, then, as we do, this Scripture doctrine, and feeling that it is authoritatively pressed upon us, how great our guilt in neglecting our duty and abusing our privilege! . . . All this and much more I know and feel keenly. I confess that I am verily guilty—awfully guilty—in this important matter. May the Lord in mercy so make me feel it that I may not rest until I find that rest from sin, which is as well the privilege as the duty of all the people of God.

"On commencing my letter it was not my intention to make these observations at this time, as I designed at some future period to have thought more on the subject, and then to have laid before you my thoughts. Not that I suppose that I shall be able to render you any material assistance in your proposed essay; for my mind—as you must know if you think without prejudice—is of a very common order, and my knowledge very scanty and superficial. . . . Go on, dear brother, and may the God of all grace grant to you all the blessings which Paul desired for

the Ephesians, and prosper you in the great work to which you have set your hand."

When Mr. Calvert visited Ono, he found among the candidates for baptism a girl of the highest rank in the island, named Tovo.

"She could read well, was very active in teaching, both at the school and in private, and showed great diligence in visiting the sick and doing all manner of good. According to custom she had been betrothed in infancy; and her future husband was the old heathen king of Lakemba. This was well known; and Mr. Calvert declined to baptise her unless she resolved that, at any cost, she would refuse to become one of the thirty wives of Tui Nayau. Tovo declared her firm purpose to die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal. The old chief, her father, and all the Christians, resolved to suffer anything rather than give her up. When this was made quite clear she was baptised, taking the name of Jemima."

"On Mr. Calvert's return from Ono, he immediately informed the king of Tovo's baptism, and showed him that she could not now become one of his many wives. But the heathens at Ono saw the importance of the crisis, and were quietly urging Tui Nayau and his chiefs to demand Jemima. Whereupon the king equipped a fleet of eleven canoes to go to Ono, manning several of them with fighting men.

Hearing of this, the missionary went to him, and, presenting a whale's tooth, said, 'You are preparing to voyage to Ono. I understand that you intend to compel Jemima to be brought to you. I beg you will not do so, but allow her to remain at her own island, a Christian.' 'No, I am going there only for tribute—sinnet, cloth, and pearl-shells.' 'If so, why do you take your warriors with you? I should have thought that if you were going merely for tribute, you would have taken sailors; but instead of that you take a number of warriors.' 'Oh, they are good sailors also. I shall manage very well with them.' 'Tui Nayau, before I leave you, I warn you faithfully; I love you, and therefore warn you. God's people are as the apple of His eye. In thus fetching the girl you are fighting against God. You will imperil your own safety if you go on such an errand. Remember that on the sea, and on all the islands between Lakemba and Ono, the Lord Jehovah rules supreme, and can easily punish you if you are found fighting against Him. Take care what you are about.' 'Oh no; I don't intend anything of the kind. I am only just going to my own island to fetch tribute, as I have done before.'

"Finding that he could get no acknowledgment nor concession, Mr. Calvert said on parting: 'I hear what your mouth says, but do not know what your heart intends. I do not know what you really

purpose; but forewarn you that you are risking your own safety if you attempt to fetch Tovo from Ono.'

"On the Sunday the king sailed with his warriors. He had been requested to delay starting till the Monday, as two of the canoes, on one of which was his brother, were manned by Christian Tongans. He refused, telling them to follow the next day. The voyage went on prosperously, and the party stopped night after night at the several islands lying in the route, and at last reached Vatoa, within a short day's sail of Ono. Here Tui Nayau threw off all disguise, and, by his ill-treatment of the Vatoan Christians, showed plainly what he purposed at Ono. Food and property were wantonly destroyed; and no one might complain, as the people had committed the great offence of having become Christians before their king. Wishing to make very sure, the expedition waited several days for a fair wind. Four canoes, carrying men of the sailor tribe, who lived by piracy and pillage, were sent on at once to be ready for any emergency, and to do the king's will should any disturbance arise. These canoes, with about a hundred souls on board, were never heard of again. Either they went down at sea, or were cast on some island, where they would, according to law, be killed and eaten by the inhabitants.

"A fair wind came, and the king started with two

canoes manned by heathen Tongans. But the wind shifted; and though they sighted Ono, they could not lie up for it. The canoes were brought as near to the wind as possible, and tried to beat; but, do what they would, they still drifted to leeward. They saw the reef and the high land. Then the wind freshened, and they were obliged to strike sail. The masts were lowered, to let the canoes drift as easily as possible, and all chance of making Ono was gone. Things were now in a bad way with them. The breeze got stronger and the sea very rough, making the canoes pitch and labour terribly. Then the canoe-house loosened, and the sailors were in great fear. As the night closed over them the king seemed to give up all hope of rescue. He thought of the missionary's warning, and was very fearful. Making up his mind to die, he oiled himself, put on his royal dress and a beautiful necklace, and awaited his fate. He prayed to his god, promising great offerings and the sacrifice of a large pig, fed by his own hand, if he should return safely. Next morning the two crews were delighted to find themselves in sight of each other, and far away from islands at which they could not have landed in safety. During the day they got to Totoya, where the indirect influence of Christianity had already made a change, and where the king and the Tongans were known and respected. After receiving, for several days, kind

treatment, for which the Totoyans would expect a generous return on their next visit to Lakemba, the wind became fair, and the two canoes started for home. Immediately on their return the king begged the missionary that his 'words of warning might never follow him again.' He was very kind to Mr. Calvert, and when the Tongan sailors were expecting a feast on the great pig that was to be sacrificed to the god, they heard, to their chagrin, that it had been sent to the missionary, who had already salted it down. Thus did the king declare his conviction that he owed the preservation of his life to the missionary's God." (*Fiji and the Fijians.*)

It is not possible to give here even a sketch of the Christian history of Ono up to the time when, after much suffering and persecution, the truth prevailed, and the whole population forsook heathenism. The deeply interesting record is to be found in the book from which the above extract is taken. As to Tovo, her difficulties and danger were by no means at an end; but at last the king retired from his claim and left her in peace.

Calvert was still in poor health; and his letters at this period sometimes show him in a dejected mood, at least in regard of his own spiritual life. Thus he writes to Hunt: "All my life, both as it regards my spirit and motives and designs, is very far off 'the

exceeding broad command' of God. I abhor myself. And yet I do not awake from my slumbers. I need something to rouse me, and lead me afresh to the God of mercy, through the all-efficacious blood of the Saviour. I feel that I love the Lord Jehovah, Jesus the Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life. I sometimes desire to seek a 'full Divine conformity to all the Saviour's blessed will.' But how short and faint my desires and pursuit of the perfect love of God to fill and rule my heart! Pray for me. Pity me. Love me. Lest I should be ill again to-day, I must conclude."

About two months after this was written, the missionary ship *Triton* made her first voyage to Fiji, bringing the Rev. John Waterhouse, the General Superintendent of the Australian and Polynesian Missions. It is impossible to tell how important and how welcome this event was to the young couple at the lone mission-house at Lakemba, whose joy was completed when the Rev. Thomas Williams, who had come with Mr. Waterhouse, was left as Mr. Calvert's colleague.

Already there were evidences that the faith of the people in their gods was being shaken. Thus, one day, turtles were being dragged to the temple for sacrifice. The missionaries went to watch the ceremony. Their presence very much disconcerted

the king, who, instead of entering the temple, passed by, telling the people they were to present the offering. They sat, however, silent in the temple, when a message was brought from the king to the same effect. Presently he returned, but, finding that the offering had not been made, sat outside on the steps. At last one man went and presented food with the customary prayers, while the king left without having entered the temple. Such a thing had never happened before.

The relief afforded by having a companion in the toils and anxieties of the work was unspeakable; and, early in 1841, we find Calvert writing to England: "I am very well, and am getting quite stout. For my improved state of health we are very thankful, as we began to be somewhat fearful that I should not be able to stand this climate."

During this year, Mr. Waterhouse visited Ono in the *Triton*, and Mr. Calvert accompanied him. They were greatly cheered by the progress which had been made. The opposition of the heathen party had been very violent, and had brought about something like a state of war. But the strife had come to an end, and the hostile minority had by degrees joined with the people whom they had persecuted, so that on the arrival of the missionaries there was a large number of candidates for baptism. Thus "all the people, except those women whose

husbands were from home, abandoned heathenism." Among those who received baptism was a priest.

In August the following incidents are recorded :—

"A priest lately invoked the god at Mothe, on the presentation of first-fruits of arrowroot. Holding up a bunch of cocoa-nuts, he said, 'If the nuts fall from the bunch, we shall have plenty of food. If not, the bread-fruit will not bear, and we shall have a famine.' The nuts remained on the bunch. He shook in vain. It being a bad report, he feared the people, and complained that they had brought a bunch of nuts which were firm. The people were displeased; and some heathen Tongans said that he was a false man.

"On preparing arrowroot, according to the Fijian custom, to be offered to the gods at Oneata, the heathens now first divided it, and sent a portion to the Christians, and then took the remainder to the heathen temple. The priest, who had been accustomed to shout aloud when he pretended that the god entered into him, merely coughed, and—his mouth being used, he affirmed, by the god—said: 'It will be well for you all to become Christians; I will go to my own land.' This priest is a very quick and strong fellow. He has been much in earnest in heathenism. I have lately had two conversations with him, when I besought him not to deceive the

people, and warned him to flee from the wrath to come. He did not appear to regard much what I said. We have his grand-daughter living on the mission premises. She is a very nice girl, and evidently attached to the *lotu*."*

"*September* 30*th*.—I have this day attended and administered medicine to a wife of the third chief in rank. She is seriously ill. About two hours after I left her, I was surprised to hear the report of a gun, which led me to believe that the priest had been invoking the god of the chief, and that a gun was fired, according to custom, on the god's departure, at his bidding, though the king says this is a lie of the priest. I felt concerned about the woman, and also about the result of my medicine, and had therefore despatched a messenger to inquire about the state of my patient. My messenger arrived just after the invocation, while the priest was yet delivering his message from the god, the late father of the chief. He said, 'It is good your living in the world.' The chief, presenting a whale's tooth, replied, 'Your coming to us is good. Thava, my wife, a lady from Lomaloma, is very ill. If *we* were to die here it would be right. But we should be

* *Lotu* is the Fijian word for religion; and very early in the history of the Mission was used distinctively for the Christian religion. When a person quitted heathenism to put himself under Christian instruction he was said to *lotu*.

greatly ashamed if she were to die in this land. We therefore beg you to be of a good mind, and save her.' The lying lips of the priest, as the mouth of the god, answered, 'True, I am vexed. There are many things in which I am neglected in your house. Many of your observances are done away with. I therefore offered a whale's tooth to Tui Vakanoa and Tui Lakemba [two other local deities], that Thava might die. We are living separate in the place of spirits. The foreign God is near to you. You want to embrace Christianity. We shall keep separate. I shall try to save Thava; but you must recollect that I am not a god.* I am a man like you. I once lived with you. I speak in this way only because I have had a different dwelling for some time. Yet I will make an offering to Tui Vakanoa and Tui Lakemba to save Thava.' A bunch of cocoa-nuts was then brought to be shaken, the priest saying that if all fell she would live. In vain he tried to shake them off. One fatal nut remained. After the ceremony was over, an old man, belonging to another tribe of priests, filliped the remaining nut, and said, 'There are plenty of nice *bota* (ripe nuts, which fall readily) in Lakemba,

* Besides gods of supreme rank, the Fijians worshipped a lower order who were mortals deified after death. The reference above is to the latter class.

yet they have brought these young nuts.' The man who had gathered them said, 'We were tired in climbing nut trees for a bunch of old nuts, but could not find one.' The following morning I called on the woman, and found that the medicine had been useful to her. I had some conversation with the chief and the priest. They both appeared to be ashamed. This is the only priest in the principal settlement, and there are several settlements without a priest. On the rebuilding of the heathen temple no property was presented, as is usual."

Thus, in many ways, there came signs of a great change. Ancient customs, growing out of the old heathen faith, were falling into disuse. A priest on the island of Mothe, forty miles from Lakemba, had lately said, when professing to be possessed by his god, that a new king—meaning the Christians' God—was established in these days, and that the gods had fled from Ono and Oneata; and the gods of Mothe would join them at Lakemba, and go in company to search for fresh lands to the leeward. Cannibalism had disappeared from Lakemba, so that the missionaries now on that one island had never witnessed its horrors, although it had been practised quite recently on a large scale close to the mission-house at Somosomo, and was still common in other parts of the group.

In a letter to England, Calvert wrote :—

"I need not tell you that as heathenism gives way Christianity advances. Neither need I say that it is Christianity alone which has exposed their refuges of lies. The cause of truth is prospering greatly in Fiji, not as shown by many pardoned and renewed Fijians—though we are thankful to know that there is a goodly number who are accepted in the Beloved—but by putting heathenism in disrepute, and by gaining approval for itself.

"I am well in health, and much stronger than I have been for some years. I feel that the Lord is my portion, and that I am His. I desire to love Him with all my heart, and to serve Him fully with a perfect heart and a willing mind. I mourn over my unfaithfulness to God, and littleness of love. May He quicken me according to His word. My dear wife enjoys excellent health and spirits. She is happy in her God and in her work. She has taught a few to sew, and meets a class."

In the same letter he gossips pleasantly about some experiences of Fijian travel, which must have been anything but pleasant at the time.

"Before we reached the place [in the night] rain poured upon us, so that we could not proceed. I was exceedingly wet, and, not having change of raiment, I had to dry my clothes by a poor fire

before I could rest. My pillow was a piece of native cloth. I lay on a rough mat, and covered myself with a finer one. When I was nearly asleep a land crab laid hold of my toe. I was then obliged to get upon my finer and larger mat, but could not sleep for cold. I then covered myself with the native cloth, and tried an old cocoa-nut for a pillow; but it did not fit my head. I then tried another, but it was alike uneven. So I put my head on part of the firewood which we had to warm us. It, also, was too hard. At last I laid my head on the ground, and was blessed with refreshing sleep."

During this year another child—a son—was born at the mission-house. A great event also took place in another visit from the General Superintendent, accompanied by Messrs. Jaggar, Lyth, and Hunt, to hold an adjourned District Meeting at Lakemba. This intercourse with the brethren, and especially with his much-loved friend, Hunt, was as a festival to Calvert, and helped him greatly in his work. He was frequently busy for the press, as the demand for books, especially first reading books and catechisms, was fast increasing; and the publication of portions of the New Testament was being pushed forward as fast as much anxious correspondence about the translation would allow. Then the number increased of islands into which Christianity had

been introduced, and the visitation of a missionary became urgently needed. In the voyaging which this visitation involved Mr. Calvert took a full share. In the April of 1842 he went to Oneata, where the people were just finishing the building of a large chapel. He tells the story of his visit there :—

"*April 27th.*—In the afternoon I preached from Acts x. 33. The people were very attentive. Their singing is very bad, but I cannot help them, as I know only one tune."

"*28th.*—I met the men and boys in the school in the morning, and the women in the afternoon. I was delighted to hear some young women read, and to mark their diligence in instructing those who are beginning to learn. After the school I met a female class. Their experience is not very clear or deep; but they seem to be in earnest and single-hearted. A canoe has gone to Lakemba to bring an Oneata chief to the opening of the chapel. I wrote to my dear wife, desiring her to come with the old chief, that she might see the chapel, and teach the people to sing."

"*29th.*—Busy to-day in directing the people to make the floor and ground in front of the chapel even, and to fetch sand and grass, and floor the building. They stitched one narrow mat down the middle of the chapel, which gives a neat

appearance to the floor, and serves as a division for the sexes. The canoe from Lakemba was in sight to-day. She had to put into an uninhabited island for the night, the wind being contrary. Mrs. Calvert and the children slept on the beach, as there was no house on the island. I called upon a priest, who still continues a heathen. He says that he is very badly off for a dress, but that he shall *lotu* before long. He sold me one of the conch shells which are blown when he invokes his god, in exchange for a first reading-book, so that he may have a book ready when he abandons heathenism."

"30*th*.—The people very busy in preparing food for the opening of the chapel. Several pigs were cooked, which, with ripe bananas, yams, sugar-cane, and nuts, were piled in front of the chapel about noon, and divided among the people; one large heap of food, with a pig, being given to the people who brought me here. A similar heap was left for the old chief, whose canoe was expected. Seventy yams, a large pig uncooked, sugar-cane, bananas, and nuts were given to me as my share! About four o'clock the canoe arrived, bringing Takai, the old chief, and Mrs. Calvert and the two children. A large piece of iron was beaten to call the people together. They all assembled, and we entered the beautiful new chapel, which is dedicated to the true God. I preached from Acts xii. 24. After the service

I married twelve couples. The chapel was comfortably filled. I was opposed to its being so large (fifty-eight feet long by twenty-six feet wide). However, during the building of it, their number has been more than doubled, by which increase they have been assisted in the latter part of the building, and now the chapel is just the size that it ought to be. It was pleasing to see the people assemble in clean and finely figured native cloth, beaten and printed for the occasion. One piece was superior to any native cloth that I have seen. My heart was deeply affected by seeing so many who have given up their false gods, and are seeking the true God. The word of God still grows and multiplies. How powerful, how certain an instrument! The Lord will ever confirm His truth with signs following. 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'"

"*Sunday, May* 1*st*.—At sunrise we met at the prayer-meeting. In the forenoon I read the Ten Commandments, and preached from Genesis xxxix. 2. In the afternoon I preached from Luke xxiv. 46, 47. It was a good day to our souls. I married thirteen couples, and baptised five adults and five children."

"2*nd*.—I attended the schools, visited the people, and met the teachers to-day. In the afternoon we held a prayer-meeting, at which I gave an address on

prayer, directing them to have partitions in their houses, so that they might retire for prayer and reading."

"3*rd*.—In the morning I met the men, and in the afternoon the women, and divided them into classes. Mrs. Calvert has been fully employed in teaching the people to sing, but they do not learn the art readily. They are too much like me, I fear, —have not got an ear for music. Mrs. Calvert has just taught a young man from Tonga I suppose not less than twenty tunes in a few weeks."

"4*th*.—We sailed to Lakemba."

Three weeks afterwards there took place an incident which is thus related in *Fiji and the Fijians* (p. 310).

"Tangithi, the daughter of the king, was very ill, and seemed likely to die. She wished to be visited by the missionary, who found her much worse, being speechless, and apparently insensible. The medicine he gave soon produced a favourable change; but next day she refused to continue under Mr. Calvert's treatment, as a priest had arrived during the night from a distance, and, through him, the god had declared that the illness of the princess was in consequence of the ruinous state of the temples. The king, being very fond of his daughter, was anxious to appease the anger of the gods, and

ordered large offerings of food to be prepared by all the towns on the island. Toki, and the other enemies of the *Lotu*, tried very hard to get this order imposed on the Christians as well as the rest; but the king refused, saying that what the Christians did in the matter would be useless, as they worshipped another God. On being pressed, he added, 'They shall not be asked to help. And if they were, do you think they would do anything in this matter, seeing that such work is unlawful to them?' On this occasion, as on all others, care was taken by the missionaries that, while the Christians stood firmly to their principles, it should be done with as little offence as possible; so that they brought unbidden a supply of uncooked food as a present to the king, who seemed pleased and satisfied. All the heathens on the island joined in preparing the offering for Tangithi's recovery. Many thousands of taro-roots were baked and presented, with nineteen large puddings, made of the same material, ground on the rough bark of the pandanus, and then baked in leaves in portions about half the size of a penny roll, to be afterwards all mixed together with cocoa-nut and boiled sugar-cane juice, the whole mass being neatly cased in a great number of banana leaves. The largest pudding was twenty-one feet, and the next nineteen feet in circumference.

"All these preparations occupied much time; and

before everything was ready Tangithi got worse, and again Mr. Calvert was sent for. He found her removed to the house of a late brother of the king, who was now deified, and said to be specially present in his own house. The missionary, knowing that the priest was there about his incantations, and that large offerings had been prepared, deemed this a good opportunity for teaching. The king was much excited, and said, 'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes,' said the missionary, 'I know it; and you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial.' He further added that he was unwilling to treat the patient while the heathen observances were going on, and the priest was rubbing her body; lest on his own treatment succeeding, it should be said that the recovery was the result of the incantations and offerings, and thus the people should become confirmed in their errors. After a long talk, and a lecture to the priest on his absurd deceptions, Mr. Calvert at last consented to undertake the case. He administered a stimulant, which revived her from stupor, making her throw about her arms restlessly. This frightened the king, who thought she was dying, and cried out angrily, 'You have killed my daughter!' The missionary was in no enviable position. The attendants and people all round were

very savage at his interference with the priest, and only wanted a word to lead them to revenge. It was late at night, and the mission-house was far off. The place was full of enraged heathens, in the midst of whom stood the stranger accused by the king of murdering his favourite child. Nothing, however, was to be gained by showing fear, so Mr. Calvert snatched up his bottles, showing great indignation at such a charge, after he had come at their earnest request—though served so badly by them before—and had given some of the medicine which had been sent all the way from England for his own family. Then, assuming a look of being greatly affronted, he hurried away, glad enough to get safe home, where he bolted all the doors, and kept an anxious look-out next morning, until news arrived that Tangithi was alive and somewhat better. During the morning a message came from the king, begging for medicine for another of his children, who was ill with dysentery. Mr. Calvert sent word, 'Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night; and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time.' An apology soon came, and an entreaty for forgiveness for words hastily spoken; but the medicine was not sent until another urgent request was brought.

"For four weeks the priests tried all their incantations and sacrifices; but the sick girl got no better, so that at last the father's heart relented, and he gave his consent that she should renounce heathenism, and be removed, with her attendants, to the mission-house. This was accordingly done; and the missionary's wife could never forget the toil and inconvenience and annoyance of having so many Fijian women in her house. The care, however, was cheerfully borne; and in a short time the patient improved. Now that she had lost all trust in the heathen remedies, she was perfectly submissive to the directions of the missionary, and soon recovered."

Tangithi became a genuine convert and a consistent and useful member of the Church. Her further history, which was very sad, may be found in the book from which the above narrative is taken.

During August of this year, 1842, the missionaries met for conference in their District Meeting. The *Triton* called at Lakemba, and took Calvert and Williams to Somosomo, where the former preached, and was much struck with the difference between the people and the Lakembans. The king had been ill, and announced his intention to become Christian when he recovered. Rewa and Viwa were also

visited. The tour occupied about three weeks, and was, in all respects, a very good and useful interval.

On October 16th Mr. Calvert writes: "Preached thrice in Fijian, and once in the Tongan language to-day. In the afternoon I was much delighted in listening to one of our members at Wathiwathi. He told me that Sefanaia Lualala had talked much to the people of Wathiwathi and Tarakua, urging them, with tears, to abandon heathenism, and embrace the truth."

This man was a Tongan of very high rank and of great influence at Lakemba, his mother being the king's sister. He had been active in promoting war in Tonga, with the avowed object of opposing Christianity, and was guilty of treachery and cruel bloodshed. He left the Friendly Islands, and his coming to Fiji was accepted as a signal of war against the Christians. But he found them so numerous and so united that his violence was checked, though he lost no opportunity of petty persecution. For some time past he had abandoned his opposition, and gradually yielded to the truth. Then came his baptism followed by very marked evidence that his acceptance of the Gospel was more than a mere form; and he became an earnest advocate of the religion which he had formerly persecuted, and went from place to place and island to island, entreating the people to accept Christ.

In the latter part of this year a very interesting and important event happened in the coming of the Tongan king, with a fleet of canoes, on a visit to Lakemba. King George Tubou, who, at the age of ninety-eight, has just died, maintained, throughout his long life, a high Christian character, and was for many years an earnest and successful preacher of the Gospel. He now came to Fiji to use his influence in the settlement of very grave complications which had arisen there, and were threatening to cause war. Mr. Calvert heard him preach several times during his visit, and speaks of being "greatly pleased and profited" thereby.

In January, 1843, Mr. Calvert had an awkward accident. He set out in a double canoe, with Mrs. Calvert and the children, and Mrs. Williams, to go to the opening of a new chapel at Waitambu. In helping to work the canoe he fell into the sea, but soon got on board again. He then waded to land, and walked some distance on the beach to get dry. Afterwards, on wading out again to the canoe, he saw a large shark pass between him and the shore, and was thankful enough that it did not turn in his direction.

On February 21st there was a severe shock of an earthquake in the night. Next morning Mr. Calvert hastened to the king's house, hoping to turn the alarm to good account. The king told him that

some of them were drinking *yanggona*—the native grog—together when the trembling of the earth came. They remembered nothing like it. He then went on to relate their traditions of a great flood, and of an attempt to build a house to reach the sky. He also gave the pedigree and history of their chief local god, Tui Lakemba, and finished by saying, "But since you came he has not been seen. He has no priest. He has hidden himself, or is lost, or, perhaps, is dead. Or, probably, he knows that you, the true priest of the true God, have come to the land. Do you pray for us that we die not. We have no other priests, so do you influence God on our behalf."

In April, Daniel, a teacher, came to Lakemba, bringing very cheering reports of the work at Lomaloma, where he had been put in charge. He told how, some time before, a canoe of a priest sailed in company with several canoes belonging to Christians. The priest's canoe was disabled, and he and his crew floated to land on the outrigger. The Christians went after the derelict canoe, and found it still afloat with all the property on board. They dried the mats, and then, at the instigation of the teacher, restored all the property to the priest. He refused to take it, as the transaction was a violation of Fijian law, which made all such things the property of the sailors. Two heathens, who had got three

mats and a mosquito curtain each from the wreck, refused to give them up. The priest, compelled to take back his own, was deeply impressed by this new morality, and returned to his own land carrying a good report of the *Lotu*. Afterwards news came that he had actually begun to wear dress, and to profess Christianity, saying, "Where else can I go? I have no god with me. Since the arrival of the Christian religion I have not known any god."

"The teacher reports that heathenism is tottering in Lomaloma, where there are many more people than in Lakemba. The priests seldom profess now to be visited and inspired by their gods. Lately, however, many pigs and much food were cooked for the gods. The priests assembled, and sat in order, and were supposed to be near shaking; for they shake their bodies terribly, and violently excite themselves under the influence of the god. But before they began the teacher made his appearance. They stared at one another, while the people laughed and looked at Daniel. The priests and people were ashamed. At last one priest broke the silence, professing to be inspired by a god. He urged the other gods to speak, and to promise to be still with the people. Growing tired of pleading without success, he departed. One pig, with other food, was given to the teacher. Daniel is a famous fellow, good-tem-

pered, and very kind. The people love and respect him."

Just at this time there came to Calvert a great surprise. His colleagues in the mission acknowledged—what he himself had certainly not discovered—that his command of the language so far excelled their own that they submitted to him their translations for his criticism and revision. There were amongst them men of education and scholarship to which he could lay no claim; and in a family letter he refers to their opinion of his proficiency with an amusing perplexity of astonishment, but with very evident satisfaction. He knew well the limitations of his own powers and culture; and this recognised success certainly came to him as a great encouragement.

In July he went to Somosomo in the *Triton*, to attend the District Meeting, and remained there while the vessel went to fetch the other missionaries. One reason for his staying there was, that he had been suffering from dysentery for two months, and wished to be under the care of Mr. Lyth, who had received a medical training. He found that the drugs he had been diligently taking had lost their virtue. He was now supplied with new, and soon got better.

Just as he reached Somosomo thirty canoes arrived

on their return from a victorious attack upon enemies on the mainland of Vanua Levu. They had killed fourteen persons, one of whom had been eaten on the spot; the rest were brought to Somosomo. Calvert writes:—

"We walked into the town, and saw them cooking human beings with perfect unconcern. One was tied up by the foot, for convenience, I suppose, in cutting up. I saw pieces of human flesh and bones —cut and cooked and scraped—in all directions. The people were dancing, and drumming, and shouting all night. On the next day, we saw the men who had killed their enemies in the fight, dressed with new cloth, painted red, and each provided with a club. They are not allowed to sleep in a house for several nights. They walk about with their clubs on their shoulders, which on other occasions is not allowed."

At this District Meeting it was decided that Mr. Williams must be removed to another part of Fiji, as the number of missionaries had become seriously reduced; and thus Mr. Calvert was once more left alone at Lakemba. He was convalescent, but not yet strong. Writing to the missionaries at the other side of the group, he says:—

"First of all, and as the best thing you can do for me, I beg your hearty, and constant, and believing,

and effectual, and fervent prayers. I think you may pray for my restoration and prolonged life; but pray, oh pray, for grace to suffer, and a full preparedness for eternal joy! I feel happy in the love of God, but I desire and greatly need the fulness of God's saving grace.

"Next, I beg your sympathy. I am nervous. Be gentle with me. If Brother Hunt, after Mrs. Hunt's complete restoration, should be able easily to visit me during the year, I shall be exceedingly thankful. Or if Brother Lyth could undertake such a voyage in a few months, when Somosomo may be in a more settled state, he would be of great service to me, should I be spared to see him.

"However, Brethren, be not anxious. Help me not to be anxious. The will of the Lord be done. In what work or place should I wish to die? If my dust is to be left in Fiji, and my soul go to rest from Fiji, what place and work so fitting as where I am?"

He afterwards had a return of the disorder, and Mr. Lyth came over from Somosomo, and remained a week with him, after which he got better, so that, before the year closed, he could record in his journal: "I have recovered, through God's mercy and blessing, from eight months' dysentery."

The following extracts from Mr. Calvert's journal for the early part of 1844 represent some phases of

the mission work of great interest, showing both its progress, and its difficulties and discouragements.

"*February 8th.*—We sailed with a strong wind to Tuvutha, where all the natives are professedly Christian."

"11*th.*—I preached twice, and exercised the people in the First Catechism. They had made some progress in the verbal knowledge of it. I also tried them with the Ten Commandments, which they nearly know. I met the Society in class. Their experience is exceedingly superficial, but they hate their former belief and practices. After service in the morning, the chief who accompanied me desired Zephaniah to come to him. This man was formerly priest of a god, Tui Vakanoa, equally celebrated at Lakemba and other islands, and much resorted to to procure fair winds. 'Tell me,' said the chief, 'is the worship that you and I have long adhered to true or false?' He replied, 'It is not right for me, sir, to hide from you the truth. Our worship is altogether false, sir.' 'Well, but admitting that you were false on some occasions when you invoked your god, let me ask you, were you not sometimes inspired by your god when you made reports to us?' 'If, sir, something besides myself had spoken, then our worship would have been true; but I alone spoke.' 'And there was no

god with you?' 'Not any, sir; but I alone spoke.' 'Then the words which you affirmed were the words of Tui Vakanoa were only your own thoughts, which were sometimes false, and sometimes true.' 'I was called a priest, sir. Food, firewood, and property were presented to me. I was ashamed to refuse to invoke the god. I therefore thought what I should say, which sometimes happened according to my thoughts, but more frequently otherwise.' 'What made your body shake?' 'I alone wished to make it shake.' The chief then said in good humour, 'You are a bad fellow. You have mocked us often. Our backs have frequently bled with carrying to you firewood as an offering for a favourable wind, and you have only belied us. But the God you now worship we heathens do really fear. When we sail with Christians, we are not at all afraid of being lost. We are now sailing about with contrary winds, yet I have not the least fear. I wonder why many who profess Christianity are not afraid of Him.'"

"22*nd*.—Having heard that an Englishman, who lately came to live on their island, had taken property to one of the king's brothers, begging him to take a young girl from Ongea by force for him, I waited on the chief this morning. He told me that the report was true; that the man had brought him a musket, and had promised him four kegs of powder for a young woman from his island,

Ongea, and that he had engaged to take her and bring her to the Englishman. I begged him not to be tempted by property and promises, but to regard what was right. He desired me to be good-minded, and let him take the woman for the Englishman, that he might get his powder. I replied, 'It is true that the temptation is great, but do not let your covetousness have the mastery over you.' He said, 'We do as you say. But, in this case, an Englishman asks me so to act, and we therefore suppose it is right, and we want powder.' I said, 'He is an idle Englishman, who acts inconsistently. People are not bought and sold like pigs in England. The girl is religious. She belongs to your island. Do you love your people, and do not degrade yourself and them by making her a slave.' At length he said, 'Well, let it be as you please. There is the musket. Will you take it to the mission premises, and send for the man to your house, and tell him that I shall not take the girl?' I said, 'If you wish me, I will do so.' I accordingly took the musket, and sent for the young man. He was much chagrined, and said that he supposed I should approve of what he had done, or he would not have done it. I said, 'How could you suppose that I should approve of your buying a woman as you would buy a pig—a woman who is a professing Christian, and is already engaged to an Ongea man? I know that

this is the way in which you foreigners act in other parts of Fiji, but I hope that nothing of the kind will have effect here.' He spoke humbly, but his mortification was evident. I was much pleased with the part which the old heathen chief acted in this matter. Muskets and powder are greatly desired by them."

This incident illustrates a very serious obstacle in the way of Christian missions—an obstacle which afterwards, in Fiji, became more frequent, as the number of white residents increased. It also furnishes the true explanation of some very severe criticisms of missionaries and their work. The girl involved in the above transaction was afterwards married to the man to whom she had been engaged.

The early white settlers in the group were men of, at least, very questionable character, and of more than questionable antecedents. They had been dropped there by passing vessels, or had come, people scarcely knew how, by the chances of the sea. They conformed to the habits of the people, to whom they made themselves useful in many ways, married native women, and fell into all the native vices.

This year the District Meeting was held at Viwa, under the chairmanship of Hunt. It was a very good meeting, made all the happier by the arrival

of two new missionaries. To Mr. Calvert it brought most welcome help by appointing Mr. Lyth to join him at Lakemba.

Not very long afterwards the king's brother died. The missionaries met his principal wife, a fine, healthy woman, returning from bathing preparatory to being strangled. They went to the king, and implored him to set aside the horrible custom, and made presents by way of ransom. It was in vain. That night she was strangled.

There is nothing of special importance to be told of Calvert's life in 1845, except another visit to Ono in October, when he was witness to the wonderful work of God which had taken place in that island. He spent three days with them to his great joy and refreshment. He found that, on the Sunday after Whitsuntide, on Ndoi, a little island off the coast of Ono, the preacher, Nathan Thataki—a good and faithful man—hearing some of the people cry aloud as he preached, was overwhelmed, and sank down to the ground, unable to proceed. A message was sent to Ono, begging the teacher, Silas, to come at once. He came, and gathered the people together again for worship; but their emotion was so great that he could not preach. They all betook themselves to prayer, and the Holy Spirit fell upon them in great power. Silas then got them to go across with him to Ono, where they joined the people in holding

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prayer meetings in the different chapels. Writing to Hunt about his visit, Calvert says :—

"The work of the Holy Spirit was in every town. Since that time great grace has rested upon them; and I suppose that at least two hundred persons have obtained peace with God through believing. I met them several times, and heard the experience of many. Their testimonies were very explicit as to their regeneration and adoption. Silas, I think, was equally clear as to his being in the possession of full salvation. I gave the sacrament to nearly three hundred. On many occasions, while I was with them, I was almost overpowered. I found my stay to be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The turning from Satan to God has been general. All ages, and all classes, have been equally blessed. One effect was, that many desired to preach, stating their willingness to go to the worst parts of Fiji. To my surprise I found that eighty-one persons had been allowed to preach. I feared lest I should damp the work, but could not feel free to continue so many as preachers. I put ten on trial as local preachers, brought five married men with me, whom we have disposed of in our circuit, and we have kept three single men for our branch of the Training Institution. . . . I am filled with gratitude to Almighty God for this wonderful display of His power and love in saving so many

Fijians—for saving them so abundantly and manifestly. I never saw any revival so clear and extensive. Praise the Lord!

"Some of the testimonies given by the new converts were very beautiful in their entire simplicity. One said, 'I love the Lord; I know He loves me, not for anything in me, or anything I have done, but for Christ's sake alone. I trust in Christ, and am happy. I listen to God, that He may do with me as He pleases. I am thankful to have lived until the Lord's work has begun. I feel it in my heart. I hold Jesus! I am happy! My heart is full of love to God.' Another, 'I know that God has justified me through the sacred blood of Jesus. I know assuredly that I am reconciled to God. I know of the work of God in my soul. The sacred Spirit makes it clear to me. I wish to preach the Gospel, that others also may know Jesus.' Silas Faone, a Tongan, said, 'I possess a rejoicing heart; I greatly rejoice. When in Tonga I had the love of God, but it was not complete. In Rewa I had it also. Now in Ono, my love is perfected. It is full. I wish only to live to God through Jesus.'"

Early in 1846 glad news came of many conversions at the other side of the group where Hunt was stationed. To him Calvert writes:—

"What an omen for good! Hundreds saved!

The two places distant. Neither knew of the other. In one the Lord saves by native instrumentality, in the other by the missionary. One the head of a circuit, the other the most distant branch. Bless God! we are here where He works and saves—saves Fijians, forgiving and changing even them, many and black as their crimes are, and deeply as their hearts are depraved. This one thing have I ardently desired. I have ardently desired to see it *here*; but my joy and gratitude overflow to see and hear that the Lord has saved natives by natives, and natives by you. I greatly glory."

That which he so longed for came to pass soon afterwards. A very remarkable work began at a place called Wathiwathi during a service conducted by a native preacher; and more than thirty persons declared that they had found peace with God through Jesus Christ. Mr. Calvert hastened to the place the next day.

"*August 27th.*—This forenoon I went to Wathiwathi. I assembled the people, and preached, and held a prayer-meeting. The confusion was immense; the work of the Lord very considerable. I dismissed the people, and then visited them in their own houses. I found that many could rejoice in the love of God, and others were desiring that unspeakable blessedness. I directed the local preachers to hold

class-meetings, and visit the people at their homes, and then returned home. What a blessed thing to witness the powerful effects of the grace of God!"

"28*th.*—Last night, several members from two adjacent villages went to Wathiwathi, and were much affected in the several houses of those who had received good.

"This morning the wife of Zephaniah Lualala, the chief of Wathiwathi, who is of very high rank in Lakemba, came to the king [of Lakemba] her father. On her arrival several persons were sitting with the king. She sat down by his side, and said, 'Sire, I have come to beg of you to abandon heathenism, and embrace Christianity. Heathenism is false and useless. Religion is good, and is a very great matter. I now know that religion is good. The Lord has wrought mightily in my soul. I now know the excellency of religion, and have therefore come to beseech you to turn from falsehood to truth.' She wept much. The king said, 'Have you only just now known that religion is good?' She replied, 'I have known well about religion only a few days. The Lord has changed my heart. Had I known before I should have come to you. On finding the power, I felt great love to you, and have now come before you to beg you at once to decide.' He said, 'You are right and true. Most of your own relations and friends are on your side. I shall wait a little

longer and then decide. I build no temples. I do not attend to heathenism. There are only a few of us left.' "

"29*th*.—The work of the Lord went on powerfully at Wathiwathi yesterday. In the afternoon one of the local preachers went to preach at Waitambu, a larger village, two miles from Wathiwathi. In the evening, a local preacher came to ask the Wathiwathi people to go with him to Waitambu. They held a long meeting, and the power of the Lord was present, wounding very deeply, and healing some. It is said that nearly the whole of the people of that village also were under powerful impressions. To-day the young men from Wathiwathi have appointed to hold a prayer-meeting at Tarukua, a small village a mile from us. We have also had some movement among the Tongans here. May the Lord abundantly save all the people in Fiji! The pledge and foretaste are given.

"Late this evening our boys returned from Tarukua. They report that the work of the Lord was powerful. Several were convinced of sin, and prayed earnestly for pardon. All who had continued heathen in that village, except one woman, have embraced Christianity. Some of them were in great distress of soul. In this report I exceedingly rejoice. Generally, here, the people only formally renounce heathenism. In their formal connection with Christianity we rejoice, as it brings them to hear words whereby

they may be saved. But we much desire them to turn under deep conviction of sin, earnestly seeking redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins. The morning of a brighter day, I trust, has arisen on Fiji."

The work spread to several other places. Large numbers *lotued*—that is, renounced heathenism—and attended Christian worship and the schools. Amongst these were many who became really converted, and then, as Mr. Calvert says, were crying, "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" Two came to him begging to be employed anywhere and in any way to do good.

In October 1846, when the mission vessel called, the long-dreaded suffering of parting with the children began. It was impossible, on all grounds, for them to be well brought up in the Islands; and now the eldest little boy was sent away to the care of relatives in England. The father says, "I left my dear boy on board. He wished to know if I should again go to him. I gave him to God, who, I trust, will be his Father." This was the sharpest trial he had yet endured, and his tender heart was greatly distressed. He declared that now, for the first time, he began to know something of sacrifice, to which the leaving of home and friends was as nothing.

Extracts from a letter written to the little fellow

some time afterwards, will serve to show how warm, and strong, and gentle was the father's love.

"Very much-beloved boy, we often think about you, and talk about you, and pray for you; and now I am going to talk to you.

"Four months ago we got the letter sent from New Zealand to Fiji by an American ship. Mrs. Wilson told us that you were thirty-five days in sailing from Fiji to New Zealand, and that you had very good weather all the way. She also informed us that you were a very good sailor, and that you were in good health, and that all the people loved you much and were very kind to you. All this good news pleased us very much; but we were much more delighted to know that you feared God, and prayed to Him, and that you gave your first shilling to the missionary-box, 'because your father was a missionary.' Now we hope you will always have these *little* goods—friends, and health, and food, and other temporal blessings; but we desire much more that you may have *great* good too—that you will fear, and love, and serve the Lord from your youth. . . . I am very well now again. The Lord has restored me fully, and I shall be happy in my work here. As you are being taught in England, and as you are with my very dear friend and brother, your uncle, you are highly favoured. Your sisters are being brought up

in heathen, man-eating Fiji, whilst you are being well instructed in England. Now, be very thankful to God, my dear boy. He directed your way, and caused you to be so privileged. And be sure that you pray to God frequently with your heart. . . . Now, mind this first of all, my boy. Get your soul saved, and give yourself, as your father and mother give you, to Almighty God. Give Him your heart now fully and for ever. Obey your uncle in everything, and love and obey those who teach you. Try to understand what you are taught. Do not follow others in bad words or deeds. Remember your father is a missionary, and that he has given you to God. I expect you will be a good boy, and earnestly beseech you to be diligent to learn as much as you can. Persevere; do not fear; be courageous; and what appears difficult will become easy. Whatever you see, try to understand it. Ask questions, and think; and the Lord will help you, and bless you very much if you pray heartily to Him."

The beginning of 1847 found Calvert suffering another relapse of his old trouble; and evidently much enfeebled and depressed, he thus writes to Hunt:—

"I frequently suffer exceedingly in my mind for what appears to be idleness; but no sooner do I

apply myself somewhat closely to study, or actively to bodily exertion, than I am upset one way or another. It really seems that I am incapable of doing much. Should my life be spared long—which I hardly expect—I am apprehensive that I shall continue the same unprofitable servant that I have hitherto been. I am, however, very thankful to my Lord that I have occupied a station where, I trust, my one talent has been needed and useful. I love my Saviour. I love His service. I love souls. I have a considerably increased desire to do good, and should rejoice to see the translation of the Bible completed, and all Fiji converted nominally, and thousands really, and to get better prepared for the solemn change, and strict and impartial judgment, and the holy place. However, I can be easily spared; and I humbly and heartily trust in the Almighty Saviour for present and eternal salvation. The Lord fully prepare me for all His righteous will."

Some months later, in better health, he could write in a brighter strain.

"It will afford you pleasure to hear that I enjoy uninterrupted health; and, what is far better, my soul is very substantially happy. The Lord blesses me with constant peace and joy through believing. I trust that I am progressing, and that I shall do so much more. I am under very powerful obligations

to love and serve God much more heartily and fully than I have hitherto done. I have much delight in the work of the Lord."

In January 1848 a great trouble came, in the serious illness of Mrs. Calvert, whose health until then had been almost uniformly good. She was attacked by violent inflammation. Her husband had added much to his slender medical knowledge by extensive practice among the natives; but he sorely felt the present exigency, while he resolutely set himself to carry out what was then held to be the right treatment—bleeding her "very copiously four times," and applying large blisters. Again and again she seemed to be dying, and took farewell of her loved ones, and committed them to God's keeping. Mr. Calvert writes: "The Lord showed Himself strong to save; the inflammation gradually became less, and she recovered."

In the course of the year, the greatest sorrow that he had known fell upon him. In July he heard that Hunt was ill, and wrote to him:—

"My dear friend, love me; love us in Fiji; love Fiji, and *spare yourself*. I stand tremblingly in doubt of you. Why do you overset yourself, and almost break my heart? I can labour and endure in the work; but your doing more than God requires, and wasting your energies, oppresses me and unmans

me. I charge you, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, whose we are, and before whom we shall soon stand, to take care of your body as well as your soul."

A closer, tenderer friendship never was than that which bound these two together. For some time past Calvert had been greatly troubled by hearing of the amount of work which Hunt was doing at and from Viwa. He had already completed the translation of the New Testament, and had, without rest, thrown all his energy into the translation of the Old, which he hoped to complete in five or six years more. He was chairman of the whole district, and took the most active interest in the administration of all its affairs. He travelled a great deal, exposed to all sorts of weather in open canoes, and never spared himself when there was opportunity to teach and do good. Latterly he had been stimulated to fresh exertions by most remarkable success. Now the dreaded breakdown had come.

In September the District Meeting assembled in Viwa; and thus the two, who were more than brothers to each other, were together, when one was called away.

When the rumour spread that Hunt was likely to die there was a great consternation among the people. They came together into the chapel to pray for him. One after another pleaded with tears on his behalf; and Elijah Verani, their chief,

cried out, "O Lord, we know we are very bad, but spare Thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me*! Take ten of us! But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people!" For a while the imminent danger seemed to be removed, and there was great thanksgiving. Ratu David, a Christian Mbau chief, said, in prayer, "We were in trouble; we feared that Thou wert about to take away the light, and leave us in darkness on account of our sins—that Thou wert about to quench the light, and remove from us him who had taught us the Word of life. But we stayed Thy hands; we refused to let him go; and, for Christ's sake, Thou didst hear the prayer of sinners."

After several quiet weeks there came a relapse, and with it much mental conflict. The very intensity of the dying missionary's zeal, and the wide reach of his soul's purpose, suggested to him the thought that his life had failed, had been, as he moaned, "worthless and unprofitable—worse than useless." Then came into his troubled soul the recollection of the success which had been won, and, together with it, this word: "If I be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord"; and so he had victory. He now had with him his faithful and much-loved friend Calvert. Few men ever knew each other's secret souls with a more trustful intimacy than did these two. While one read the

Word and prayed, the dying man declared his rest and joy in the Lord. Then he wept, at first silently, afterwards with uncontrolled sobbing, until the passion of his heart broke forth in the prayer, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" His friend said to him, "The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it. The Fijian Christians know it, and the heathen of Fiji know it. You have laboured hard for Fiji when you were strong, now you are so weak you must be silent. God will save Fiji; He is saving Fiji." Calmed for a time, he presently grasped Calvert with one hand, and, lifting the other, cried out, "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji, save Fiji! save Thy servants, save Thy people, save the heathen in Fiji!" In the few days that were left he spoke only of trust and peace in Christ. When the last moments came, they heard him say, "Now He is my joy! I thought I should have entered heaven singing, 'Jesus and salvation!' Now I shall enter singing, 'Jesus, salvation, and *glory*—eternal glory!'" Trying in vain to raise himself, he exclaimed, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" again and again, till his voice weakened into silence. Having sent messages to the missionaries and their wives, to the native Christians, and the chiefs—especially to Thakombau—and having com-

mended his children, and, last of all, his devoted wife, to God's loving keeping, he asked Calvert to pray, and spoke no more. Presently he turned on his side, and took hold on his friend, who put his arms round him, and, as he held him, knew that the long, close, dear brotherhood on earth had come to an end.

For a time Calvert seemed wholly stricken down by the blow. He had rested and had exulted in the love and the gifts of his friend, which supplied very conscious wants of his own nature; and there is no doubt that in meeting the difficulties of the years spent at Lakemba, often in much suffering and weakness, and consequent depression, he was greatly helped by the strong, faithful counsels and Christian sympathy of Hunt's letters.

But the growing claims of the mission left no time for inactive sorrow. There was more than ever now to be done by those who were left. Calvert's removal to Viwa had long been discussed, and now it was determined that it should take place forthwith. So urgent was the need of his immediate help on this side of the group, that he was retained at Viwa, and arrangements were made for the bringing of Mrs. Calvert and the children.

After nearly ten years' life and work at Lakemba, Mr. Calvert thus writes:—

"I have lived in great peace in Lakemba, have

been on friendly terms with all, and have been connected with a most extensive spread of Christianity in Lakemba and its dependencies. There by far the best part of my life has been spent. I feel heartily attached to the people and the place, and could gladly spend there the residue of my days, were I directed by God's all-wise providence to remain. Lakemba is to me more than all the world besides. Yet, where God commands and directs, I cheerfully go. I only desire to be where He appears, and do what He requires, for the few remaining days He may employ me. . . . While I have endeavoured to be faithful towards God and with men, I have to mourn over much unfaithfulness, but thankfully rejoice that the Lord has blessed me, and done all things well. Lakemba, I love thee! Farewell! From thee I cannot be separated! My prayers, thoughts, efforts, shall still be towards thee. I hope many thence will be the crown of my rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I fear I shall be witness against many who perish after frequent and faithful warning. I laboured diligently, I trust, to do the people good, temporally and spiritually; and God accompanied many of my efforts with His blessing. My five children born there are all alive. Praise the Lord for all His goodness! O Lord, bless abundantly and for ever Lakemba and all its dependencies!"

CHAPTER IV.

VIWA.

How the Lord provided a Printer.—Thakombau.—War and its Horrors.—Heroism of Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth.—Signs of Success.—A Great Grief.—Mediation to procure Peace.—Lakemba revisited.—Death of Tanoa.—Horrible Observances —State Visit of Tui Thakau.—Hard Struggle with Cannibalism. —Elijah Verani.—Thakombau Lotus.—A Great Joy.—Narrow Escape at Moturiki. — Another Visit to Lakemba. — Great Value of Lyth's Training Work.—Troublous Times.—Mediation Work.—End of Cannibalism at Mbau.—Visit of King George of Tonga.—A Voyage with the King.—Establishment of Peace, and Spread of Christianity.—Leaving Fiji.—Call at Rotumah.

CHAPTER IV.

VIWA.

THE station at which Mr. Calvert now settled was close to Mbau, the seat of the dominant power in Fiji. This town, where the supreme chief lived, stands upon an islet of the same name, barely a mile broad, close to the south-eastern point of Viti Levu—Great Fiji—an island ninety miles in length, and having, it was then reckoned, a population of fifty thousand. Mbau is almost joined to the mainland by a flat of coral, which, at low water, is nearly dry, and even at high water is fordable. Two miles to the north of this, somewhat further from the mainland, and, though a small island, yet much larger than Mbau, is Viwa. It was a place of great importance, ruled over by Namosimalua, a notable chief, something of whose career we have already related (p. 39).

Calvert had now the welcome advantage of having Lyth as his colleague, whose medical skill gave him great fame among the natives, and earned for him the title of *Matai ni mate,* carpenter of illness.

Amongst the many instances in the history of this mission, in which great emergencies were met by special providence of the Head of the Church, none was more remarkable than the supply, in the most unexpected way, of help in the publishing work. The press had been removed, nine years before, to this part of the group, and was now at Viwa. The missionary who had managed it had recently left; and Calvert, on removing to Viwa, was much concerned about the business of this department, which had greatly increased. He felt certain that he could not undertake it and do justice to the rapidly growing claims of the general mission work. He was cheerfully willing to give it the oversight of his skilled knowledge, but he could not enter upon the labour of the printing and binding. Yet this was a matter of very pressing importance. The demand for Scriptures and other books was growing fast; and, as yet, there was no one in the Colonies, or in England, with such a knowledge of the language as to make it possible to get the printing done there. Many years afterwards Mr. Calvert thus gave the history of the crisis, and how the help was wonderfully provided:—

"When our printer failed in that far-off and out-of-the-way country, we were placed in great difficulty, as a new edition of the New Testament and

other books were urgently required. We ordered a man from London, who would rough it, be content with the poor fare and small pay and hard work we were accustomed to; but such a man was not found. Then it came to pass that a French Count, an infidel, who was wrecked in Fiji from an American *bêche-de-mer* vessel, was deeply awakened, and sought and found mercy and saving grace. He was completely reformed, and wished for employment with us. I taught him printing and bookbinding, which he quickly learnt; and just then, when we were in deepest need, he became a most efficient labourer with us. He could make sails, splice a rope, pull an oar, sail a schooner, floor a house, put in windows, make a door, and fit it in. He became a teacher in our school, and a good local preacher. The people felt that he loved them, and would cheerfully and heartily do anything for their benefit; and the best of our converts from any part of Fiji were very ready to settle down and work for him; so that we had a good staff of energetic and cheap workers in our printing and book-binding establishment. A new edition of the New Testament and all the books we required were well done, and quickly supplied, helping on the work amazingly. A whole-hearted and capable man like that was beyond all price. Had one been made to order, on purpose for our needs and work, he

could not have been better adapted. And this event proved to us the all-sufficiency of God's resources; and just at the right and very best time the urgent demand was suitably supplied, and without any cost!"

The most interesting feature of Calvert's mission life at this period was in his relation to the great chief, Thakombau, who, though his father, the old Tanoa, was yet living, was the real ruler of Mbau and its wide dependencies. He was a man of great sagacity, and much strength of character. His attitude towards Christianity was avowedly hostile; but there was good evidence that his sometimes angry opposition was really stimulated by his unwilling convictions that the new religion was right. In the meantime the old king remained apparently untouched by it. Already Calvert had had some intercourse with Thakombau, who, on one occasion, had spent several weeks in Lakemba. The missionary had long ago been much impressed by a little book, *Suggestions for the Conversion of the World*, by the late Rev. Robert Young, who shows how, if each Christian believer, by special prayer and effort, brought about the salvation of one person, the conversion of the whole world would soon be accomplished. Thakombau was early singled out by Mr. Calvert as the subject of such prayer, and he begged

the Christians at Lakemba to join him in intercession on behalf of the powerful chief. Now he was brought into close and frequent contact with him; but at first his influence seemed to be endangered by a decisive step which he felt obliged to take. In the early days of the mission it had been thought wise to gain the favour of the people, and especially the chiefs, by a somewhat lavish distribution of gifts. Whether this policy was right or not at the time, it was fast growing into a vicious system, which threatened to mislead the people as to the great object of the mission. Immediately on his arrival at Viwa, Calvert explained the whole matter very plainly to Thakombau, and showed him why this way of doing things must come to an end. He finished by saying:—

"My one concern will be to lead you to obtain religion; so you may expect, in all our intercourse, that I shall labour for this. Another and inferior matter I shall gladly attend to. I have brought medicines from England, and have gained some knowledge of diseases and their remedy, and shall have pleasure in relieving you of pain when I can, that your life may be prolonged for repentance, prayer, and the service of God. While this is the only object I have in view, I know that you are destitute of many articles which we have in England,

and which would increase your comfort. Some of these I can obtain for you by writing to my friends in England. I shall be glad to do so, as I should like to see you improved and raised in temporal matters. Only, when I send for goods, I have to pay for them; and you must pay for whatever I obtain for you. We give our time and energies for your salvation, but we have not come to supply you with worldly riches. Yet, if you will pay for what you require, we will try to obtain useful articles for you."

The chief had just received a handsome gift, presented by the missionary, according to custom, on his coming to live under his protection, and accepted the new order with fairly good grace. A great difficulty had thus been met, and a very important point secured.

No opportunity was lost of talking faithfully to Thakombau, who also would come to Viwa, and sometimes spend hours at the mission-house, cleverly eliciting the Christian arguments which told specially against the old religion. These he would afterwards use in disputing with his own priests and chiefs, greatly enjoying their discomfiture. But, though he was evidently restrained in his opposition to the *Lotu*, he yielded in no other respect to its claims. His despotic power was very great and extending,

so that the amount of wealth which he amassed in the way of tribute was, perhaps, unprecedented. He saw clearly enough that the principles of Christianity would make impossible some of the policy and the means by which he extended his power and his possessions, and his interest silenced his conscience.

In the town of Mbau Christian worship was prohibited; but it was permitted at Sembi, a place near by on the mainland, where lived some of old Tanoa's wives, several of whom attended the services. At the same time, in the closing months of this year, wars and cruel acts of violence were frequent round about, and the cannibal ovens in Mbau were often alight.

In the following year Calvert voyaged far, and saw much to encourage and much to dishearten him in his work. Close at home the darkness of war thickened, and many terrible scenes took place. A place called Tokea was taken treacherously by the Mbau people, and a hundred persons, chiefly women and children, were killed.

"I have frequently visited Mbau, and had long conversations with the chief about religion. I have ardently urged him to stop the war which has so long raged, and in which, it is said, two thousand lives have been sacrificed. I have pressed him hard

to spare the chief in the mountains. I have placed before him the scandal of killing so many of the young, and of women who have no concern in the war. Two of the bodies brought from Tokea were sent from Mbau to the few heathen living on this island [Viwa], to be eaten. The person who brought them left them on the beach, fastened to a stake in the sea by a vine. He reported secretly to the heathen. On being informed of this, and that the heathens had gone to fetch them for cooking, I called on Mr. Lyth, and we went in search of them. Not finding them, we returned. I went to a young Christian chief, and sent him for them. He floated them round the island, and brought them near to my house. I provided two mats, in which he and a man living with me wrapped them. A grave was dug, and they were buried. I do not hear that many were eaten, I think very few indeed. Many floated round Mbau, and drifted to different parts of the beach on the large land. Some drifted here."

It was in July of this year, while the two missionaries were away in another part of the group, that a great cannibal banquet was prepared at Mbau, fourteen women having been kidnapped for the purpose. Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth, in sacred heroism, set out in a canoe with a Christian chief, and landed amongst the people, who were wrought into savage

excitement by the loud beating of the great death-drum, and the firing of muskets, as well as by the prospect of the horrible feast. These two noble women, to his bewildered astonishment, confronted the old king himself, and pleaded for the lives of the victims. They had their reward in the rescue of five of the women. All the rest but two went to the ovens.

About this time several British men-of-war visited Fiji; and their commanders did excellent service to the mission by urging Thakombau, in very strong terms, to abandon cannibalism. It was known that an expedition was soon to come from Somosomo, bringing tribute. On these occasions it had always been the custom to entertain such powerful visitors with the most lavish hospitality, and especially with large numbers of human victims. At last the regent chief gave his word that this part of the feast should not be provided; and the promise was kept. The preparation, in other respects, was on a magnificent scale. Calvert went across to Mbau to see the formal presentation of food to the visitors. There was a huge structure of basket work, more than thirty feet long, filled with food. He counted "nineteen cooked pigs on the top, with their snouts all pointing one way." A day or two before there had been presented one hundred and three pigs. It was a great thing to have secured that no cannibal provision

should be made by the supreme chief, although Mr. Calvert found that other chiefs had not followed his example. "I preached," he writes, "at Mbau; and heard that several cooked bodies had been brought from Tui Levuka."

The people of a certain town had rebelled against Mbau, but now fully submitted themselves. Mr. Calvert, knowing that, notwithstanding their surrender, the severest reprisals were in preparation, went to Thakombau, and pleaded for their lives. The answer was: "Why, your own doctrine is, that the wages of sin is death. They have acted very wickedly in beginning war by murder when all was peace, and I wish them all to be killed, that we may be at rest. If they be spared, they will raise evil up again, as on two former occasions when we forgave them." It was an easy thing for the missionary to turn this adroit use of a Christian truth; and, in the end, with great difficulty, he gained his point.

That the influence of the truth was steadily increasing was shown in many ways, sometimes very strangely, as when the friends of a sick man, who came to the mission-house for medicine, seriously asked Mr. Calvert whether, in the event of the man's death, he thought they might strangle his wife. He naïvely remarks, "This is the first time I have been consulted on this point from Mbau." Terrible

atrocities were still committed; yet it was felt to be a great advance when Tui Viti—as Thakombau was then called—promised, in reply to Calvert's admonitions, that in the case of the death of common men the strangling of their widows should be done away with. Yet he added, "But in my father's case, ten will be strangled."

Towards the close of this year a great sorrow fell upon Mr. Calvert and his devoted wife. They had already sent their eldest boy to relations in England, and had heard of his safe arrival and well-doing there. Later, when Mrs. Hunt was returning home after her husband's death, they entrusted to her their firstborn, their little Mary, now nearly ten years old. After her departure, more than a year and a half since, they had received no news from England. The coming of the *Wesley* was always an event of most exciting interest. Her arrival in 1850 was looked for with unusual eagerness by the hearts which hungered for tidings. Another missionary, too, was coming in the vessel. When, therefore, she came near, and before she could cast anchor, Mr. Calvert put off in a canoe to hasten on board. In his glad impatience he did not notice that the *Wesley* had her flag at half-mast; but the poor mother on shore saw the death-signal, and was filled with sad forebodings. He climbed on deck, beaming forth joyful greetings, and then started, in

questioning surprise, at the looks of sorrow which met him. Little Mary was dead. Broken-hearted, the father went ashore, carrying to the stricken mission-house letters seven months old, telling them at the same time of their darling's coming, of her winning the love of those with whom she found her new home, of her sickness, and of her death.

It was a terrible grief, but their life's great work must be done, and within a week of the *Wesley's* arrival the mourning father sailed in her on a long tour of visitation among the islands.

This year also closed in the turmoil of frequent war. Now the scene of strife was on the other great island, Vanua Levu, and two of the missionaries, Moore and Williams, at Nandi and Mbua, were surrounded by it, and in great peril. Many of the people there were Christians; and thus the quarrel already was taking the form of a war against the *lotu*. If Thakombau did not actually instigate the war, he could arrest it whenever he chose; so Calvert, accompanied by Elijah Verani, went to him to beg his interference for the protection of the missionaries.

"The chief seemed to be in a good humour, but said very decisively that he would have nothing to do with it. He was reminded of his promise to Captain Erskine [of H.M.S. *Havannah*] to protect the missionaries; but still he refused, saying, 'I shall

not protect them; and I rejoice that you have now a fight of your own. When I ask you *lotu* people to help me in war, you say, "No; it is not lawful for Christians to fight!" And here are we breaking our backs steering our canoes, catching dysentery by sleeping abroad in the dews and rains, and being shot in great numbers, whilst the Christians sit quietly at home all the time. Now you have a fight of your own; and I am glad of it! Besides, I hate your Christianity!' 'I know,' replied the missionary, 'that you hate religion. I knew it before leaving England; and have long known that, everywhere, "the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be"; so that I should have been altogether surprised had I found you not hating religion.' With a sneer he said, 'Oh yes, of course you know everything. However, at any rate, I shall not stop the fight; and I rejoice that you *lotu* people are compelled to fight as well as I; and I hate your Christianity.' 'Well,' said Mr. Calvert, 'seeing you do hate it, what are you going to do with it? Do you intend to stop its progress?' 'No,' was the answer; 'I cannot do that. I know that it is true, and the work of God, and that we shall all become Christian. But, in the meantime, I delight in you Christians being compelled to engage in war as well as I.'"

On the first day of 1851, Mr. Calvert started in a large Tongan canoe for the seat of war, and after much difficulty reached Mbua. Things were in a most critical state, so that he despatched another urgent message to Tui Viti, calling upon him to interfere. At last Thakombau seemed to wake up to the greatness of the danger, and sent a chief with orders to stop the war. For some time he acted very capriciously, now favouring and now hindering the work of the mission. He and his aged father renewed their permission for a missionary to live at Mbau, promising to build the necessary premises on the mainland. Then again war set everything else aside. Great preparations were made, during which, for three days, Mr. Calvert stayed, and was very kindly treated, in Thakombau's own house. Large offerings were presented at the temples to secure success; but the promises of the priests came to nothing, and the expedition failed.

During this year the District Meeting was held at Lakemba, and Mr. Calvert had thus an opportunity of revisiting his old circuit, and was greatly cheered and refreshed by seeing how the work had extended there. Tui Nayau, the King of Lakemba, for whose conversion Mr. Calvert had prayed earnestly, and worked hard, had at last *lotued*, and the last trace of opposition to Christianity on the part of the rulers in Lakemba came to an end. Two years afterwards,—

"The chief priest of the god of Tumbou, and the last of the order in Lakemba, was received on trial for Church membership, having long been anxious about his soul. His daughter was already a class-leader, and one of his sons a zealous member. . . . The people were reformed outwardly, being decently clothed, and having relinquished their obscene midnight dances and songs in favour of the pure worship of God. Their domestic condition was greatly improved by the lessening of polygamy. Christianity gave the Fijians what they never had truly before—*a home.* Those who had known Lakemba and its dependencies twelve years ago marvelled at the almost universal change which had been brought about. Scarcely a temple was left standing, and the sacred terraced foundations on which they were once were now cultivated as garden plots. Club-law was utterly abolished. A fine chapel, to which the people eagerly flocked, graced every town, and not a heathen priest was left. About eight hundred children were assembled daily in the schools, and nearly two-thirds of the adult population were Church members, affording good evidence of their desire to 'flee from the wrath to come'; while a large and growing number gave every reason to believe that they were renewed by the Holy Ghost. During this and the previous year one thousand three hundred baptisms were registered,—eight hundred adults, none of

whom received this sacrament without having brought 'forth fruits meet for repentance,' and showed a sincere desire to trust on Christ for salvation. Everywhere, too, was found a great hunger for the Word of God. The mission press could supply but a small number of Testaments; and the missionaries were pained in being obliged to refuse the people, who were willing to pay well of their property, or make any sacrifice, to obtain the Scriptures." (*Fiji and the Fijians*, p. 336.)

In 1852 the long-expected event, greatly dreaded by the missionaries, took place. The old Mbau king, Tanoa, died. Mr. Calvert, who had gone to Ovalau two days before, thus tells, simply and briefly, the dreadful story.

"Tanoa died on the morning of the 8th of December, 1852, when Tui Viti [Thakombau], in spite of light and conviction and entreaties from all quarters, wantonly murdered five women. Several captains of ships of war had laid particular injunctions on Tui Viti not to commit this murder. Mr. Watsford and I have continually been urging him to refrain. He was alarmed; but has still done the deed.

"Previous to my going away we offered four large whales' teeth. Afterwards we made the number ten, weighing twenty pounds. I offered to have my finger cut off.

"The night before the king's death, Mr. Watsford stopped till near midnight urging and entreating. He offered our boat, twenty muskets, and all he possessed. A short time after the death Mr. Watsford arrived. Two were strangled. He appeared before the chief, who, with an awful look, trembling and excited, said, 'What about it, Mr. Watsford?' Mr. Watsford replied, 'Refrain, sir; that is plenty! Two are dead. Refrain! I love them.' The chief said, 'We also love them. They are not many—only five. But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled.' He proceeded with his hellish work, and helped to murder the whole five, and then ran away through a back door. . . . We are very sorrowful, but have the comfort of knowing that our utmost efforts were made. We also are thankful that we were permitted to protest boldly, fully, fearlessly to the last against the murder." *

This was a time of great gloom; but it was not wholly dark. It was undeniably true that the horrible orgies of death at the king's house would have been far worse had it not been for the influence of Christian teaching. Occasional acts of cannibalism still took place at Mbau; but it was

* Full particulars of this terrible tragedy may be read in *Fiji and the Fijians;* and in *The King and People of Fiji*, by the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse.

well known that, for some time past, Tui Viti himself had not tasted human flesh. Best of all, just when the encouragement was needed most, there were a number of very interesting and striking cases of conversion, of which Mr. Calvert makes thankful record.

In 1853 a great thing was accomplished in the issuing from the mission press of a large revised edition of the New Testament in the Fijian language.

Mr. Calvert writes :—

"On the 21st of April we finished the printing of three thousand copies of the New Testament, with one thousand extra of Matthew, and one thousand extra of Matthew with Romans and Philippians. Mr. Martin has worked hard by day and night. Mr. Rees has rendered constant and efficient help for eleven weeks. Our pressmen (trained natives) have toiled almost beyond their strength, some of them looking very pale under their unusually hard labour.

"The Book can now easily have what corrections may be further necessary marked for an edition in London, which, I think, should be attended to as soon as may be, so that it may be ready to forward to London whenever a favourable opportunity offers by the presence in England of a Fijian missionary

(which is indispensable), for having ten thousand copies printed and bound there."

When he wrote thus, he certainly had no idea that he was to be the returned missionary who should be entrusted with this important work.

In July the time came round again for the state visit of the King of Somosomo, at which it had been customary to provide a great feast of human flesh. Mr. Owen, a trader, who was in thorough sympathy with the mission, brought Tui Thakau, the Somosomo chief, in his vessel.

"About five o'clock this morning," writes Mr. Calvert, "I was informed that eighteen persons of the Ndau ni Nakelo tribe had been killed. I hastened to Mbau, where I arrived just after sunrise. I found that one had escaped in the night, twelve were dead, and five still living. They were laid out or sitting at the temples in Lasakau and Soso (the fishermen's quarter). It was harrowing to see the mangled bodies, and to look on, and be looked at anxiously by those still alive. I proceeded at once to Tui Viti. He was about being appointed Vunivalu.* I took with me two whales' teeth. I showed him the account in the *Missionary Notices* of Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth applying to his father

* The highest official title of the Mbau king, the conferring of which was, in effect, his formal investiture as sovereign.

for the lives of those who had been kidnapped by the former king of the fishermen, and laid a tooth on the record, and requested him to do as his father had done by sparing the lives of those still alive. I then showed him the letter in which was written his promise to Lieutenant Pollard, of H.M.S. the *Bramble*, that he would not, after that visit of the King of Somosomo, allow any more human beings to be cooked at Mbau; and I entreated him to permit all that were dead to be buried. He was calm, and tolerably respectful. I referred to the strangling of the five women, and said that, if he spared the prisoners of war, and buried the dead, it would somewhat counteract the disgrace of that crime, and would show that he was disposed to follow the light, and the better feelings of his mind and heart, and give up the disgraceful practices of Fiji. After further talk, he said that I might go to the chief of the fishermen [the official cannibal purveyor] and ask him to spare the lives of the living, and to the King of Somosomo, and ask him not to eat the dead. Knowing the uselessness of this, I refused. He then said, 'It is in my power alone to save the living, and have the dead buried. What I choose I do, and none can interfere.'

"After some time I heard that one more was killed; and I again urged him to send orders that no more should be killed. He refused. A report then came

that all were killed. I left, telling him that I was free from all blame, which would rest wholly on him. On going to Lasakau I found five still alive. I went to the chief of the fishermen, who, observing my approach, went away. I hastened, and found him in the temple. He was much confused, and declared that the victim who had been allotted to him as his share he had set at liberty as an offering to me, and the whole outrage had been done by the direct orders of the king. The fact was that the man who was missing had made his own escape. I went to speak to the living. Two of them appeared to be insensible. I conversed with three, and besought them to trust in that almighty and all-loving Saviour who had saved the thief on the cross, and was able to save their souls from guilt and hell, and to unite their bodies and souls in glory for ever. As these men were alive, I was unwilling to leave. Not finding Tui Viti, I went to see the Soso chief and two of his people who had been wounded in the affray. I also went to the King of Somosomo, and spoke to him against the horrible practice of eating human flesh. He said they did not wish to eat it; and he should rejoice if I would prevail upon the Mbau chief not to send the bodies to him; but, if they were sent, they dared not refuse to eat them, as they were subject to Mbau, and in great fear.

"I went to Vata-ni-Tawaki (the great temple). A

great shout throughout Mbau announced that Tui Viti had drunk the *yanggona* of the Vunivalu, and was installed into the office of the head chief. Then a shout from Lasakau made known that, their preparations being completed, they were dragging the bodies to the temple. They held the hands of the dead, and dragged them on their backs with their heads grating on the ground. The head of the first was dashed against a great stone, and the others were heaped upon it. There was much evidently suppressed glee, while I looked on and reproved them. A chief asked me if I should like one of the bodies to eat. I publicly expressed my pain at the gross insult.

"At noon I departed, feeling tired and faint. Surely such heathenism calls for effort. In the midst of all, one feels much encouraged to labour fearlessly and hard; for there is something in the people on which our pleading tells. These evils and abominations must give way. May the Lord 'bind the strong man,' and spoil his goods, and establish the reign of Christ!"

Mr. Calvert then went with Mr. Owen, the owner of the vessel which had brought the King of Somosomo to Mbau, and told the chief that he should not be allowed to return on her if the horrible feast were eaten. After much persuasion, he said that he dare

not prevent the cooking of the flesh, but that, when the ovens were opened next morning, the contents should be given up for burial. On the next day this was done, and Mr. Owen brought in a boat to Viwa eighty-four cooked portions of the victims, which were forthwith buried.

During this year the missionaries lost a faithful friend and valuable ally in the good Christian chief of Viwa, Verani, who lost his life in an attempt to avert war; and thus there disappeared one of the noblest figures from the mission scene. He had always been a man of great power and influence. In the old stormy days he was the chosen and staunch friend of Thakombau, and was foremost in every deed of violence. His very name—the Fijian imitation of the word "France"—was the record of an atrocious crime. A French trader was anchored off his island of Viwa, and, acting under orders from Mbau, he killed all on board, and pillaged the vessel. As a warrior, he was famous for his fearless and ferocious courage. Mr. Cross had earnestly prayed and worked for the young chief's conversion. He received much consideration and kindness from him, but for a long time saw no sign of change. Yet Verani was gradually getting interested in the new religion; and, unlike all others, even began to learn to read without joining the *lotu*. He continued in his old course, and led

his terrible band of picked warriors in several scenes of frightful carnage. But a change had begun. With growing knowledge of the truth, he discovered the evil of his own life, and an awakened conscience made the brave man fearful. Several of his people, who had become Christians, were very intent upon helping him to do right. In their watchful kindness they found out that there were times when he went stealthily into the woods to pray; and, while engaged in actual war, he was known to kneel and call upon God to protect him. At last, he asked from his superior chief and friend, Thakombau, permission to *lotu*. It was refused, and he was recommended to wait yet awhile. But the man's convictions had become so strong that he could no longer resist them; and he resolved, at all cost, to take the decisive step. His public renouncing of heathenism brought upon him immediately insult and outrage. But he never faltered. His greatest suffering was caused by the loss of the friendship of Thakombau, who was much exasperated at Verani's change; though he said to others, "Did I not tell that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of one heart. When he was with us he was fully one with us; now he is a Christian, he is decided, and not to be moved." This opinion was formed upon a very intimate knowledge, and was fully justified. Verani announced his intention to be thorough by putting

away all his wives but one. When his old heathen friends remonstrated with him, and advised him to keep them as servants, he replied, "You are on the devil's side. If my wife cannot manage in our house, I will help her to get wood, and to cook our food; but I will not continue to sin against God." His remorse for his past crimes was very sincere, and his penitence genuine and deep. When, after many days of earnest prayer, he found peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ, all men knew how real and thorough was the change.

"Though Verani refused, on behalf of himself and the Christians, to engage in war, saying, 'I have already fought too much; I have done now'; yet his was too earnest and active a nature to remain idle. But he had now espoused another cause. One day, less than two months after his conversion, Verani ordered his great war-canoe to be launched. A dark day was it, in time past, for some town or island, when the great sail of that canoe went up to the wild shouts of the painted warriors who thronged the deck; but it was far otherwise now. Verani, directed by the new power of love to God and man, was setting sail to carry the missionary to the distant islands under his charge; and wherever the war-canoe of the dreaded chieftain touched it brought 'the fulness of the blessing of

the Gospel of peace.' The sound conversion of this man was a great help to the mission. His decision for God, his marriage to one wife, his willingness to become poor and despised, were a subject of wonder and inquiry throughout Fiji. And wherever he went his simple zeal and earnestness increased the wonder, and drew more fixed attention to the religion which had wrought so marvellous a change."

Hunt was the missionary whom he carried, and wrote thus about the memorable voyage :—

"I have visited the Christians at Ovalau. Verani took me, and behaved in a very becoming manner during the time we were absent. He strongly recommended the *lotu* to all the people with whom we had intercourse. In fact, he made it his business, and went for the express purpose of persuading the Ovalau people to throw up their heathenism. He persuaded some, and got the promise of others to join before long. He visited a town or two by himself, to teach them what he knew. I quite admired his untiring efforts, and felt ashamed of myself. During the seven days that we were together, I heard no unbecoming expression from his lips. When not engaged with the heathen or Christians in conversing on religion, he was constantly reading his book, and asking the meaning of

what he read. He also kept all his men closely to their reading, day by day, and persuaded some heathen chiefs, who came to see him, to learn the alphabet, which was accomplished by two young men in two hours, much to our satisfaction. They would probably return again to their town and think no more of it; but we cannot but admire Verani's earnest desire for the welfare of others."

At his baptism Verani received the name of Elijah, and called his house Kirica, or Cherith. He became a very effective preacher, and held himself ready for any work in the service of the mission, while he lost no opportunity of using his influence to prevent war, or to mitigate its horrors. In 1853, Thakombau found himself beset more and more closely with difficulties and peril. The white men on the island of Ovalau were actively plotting against him. In the mountainous interior of Ovalau were certain tribes which were subject to Viwa. These were bought over by bribes supplied by the whites, and revolted from their hitherto acknowledged chief, Verani. A very grave crisis was then brought about, and Thakombau consulted with Verani as to the best way of meeting it. Messengers were despatched to call upon the insurgents to return to their allegiance; but they found things had gone so far that they were afraid to land.

Hereupon Verani declared his purpose to go to them himself. Mr. Calvert saw how great was the risk, and tried to persuade him not to go to the hill-town, Lavoni. Verani said, "Prevent me not; for we shall not escape unless Lavoni be regained. I sent, but they could not get ashore. I will go myself and try." As he was setting out, he said, "This may be the time of my removal. That I leave." The missionary prayed with him, and they parted with tears. When on board his boat he bade his brother farewell, and exhorted him, should he fall, to be faithful as a Christian. And so the chief set out, without flinching, upon an enterprise far more heroic than any desperate adventure of his old warrior days. He knew how deadly was the danger awaiting him, and he deliberately went into it unarmed, that he might follow his Master, who came to save men's lives, and not to kill. With two of his brothers and four other men, he landed at night, and made his way through the bush up to Lavoni. At first, his errand promised to succeed. But a chief, who thought he had a personal grudge against him, came on the scene, and the whole party were shot or clubbed. The murderers took the slain men to Levuka, and were well paid by the white men for their work. As soon as the news of the crime reached Mbau, Mr. Waterhouse hastened to Ovalau, and courageously demanded the bodies.

They were given up to him, and were buried with Christian rites.

In the year following matters grew worse and worse with Thakombau. The white settlers at Ovalau, who had used all means to hinder his becoming Christian, lest he should put a stop to some of their evil practices, were now more busy than ever in stirring up war against him, and he was in great danger. In addition to this, he fell ill, and his strength was much reduced. He now yielded to the request of Mr. Calvert, and gave up a house in Mbau as a residence for a missionary. It was occupied, forthwith, by the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse. The death of his old friend, Verani, had greatly moved the king; and now news came that his late visitor, Tui Tuikilakila, the King of Somosomo, had been murdered. This also greatly disturbed him. Just at this time he received two letters; one extracted from a Sydney paper, in which the American consul in Fiji brought the heaviest charges against him, and strongly advised that he and his city of Mbau should be swept away by force. This greatly exasperated the king, but, at the same time, added to his uneasiness, and made him the more ready to listen to the pleadings of the other letter, which was sent to him by King George of Tonga, earnestly beseeching him at once to *lotu*. For a time he hesitated, and then told Mr. Waterhouse that he would *lotu* on the following

Sunday. Mr. Calvert thus describes in his journal what took place :—

"*Sunday, April* 30*th*, 1854.—Mr. Waterhouse having desired us to go over, wishing me to take the morning service, we crossed over to Mbau early. At eight o'clock the chief sent ordering the drum to be beaten. The large drum called *rogorogo ai valu*, reporter of war, usually beaten when the Mbauans have killed and dragged any of their enemies, was now used to announce the coming of the Saviour's reign in this dreadful city. We entered before many had arrived. I expected there would be only a few from each division of Mbau as a pledge of the whole ; and, indeed, so it was. The chief's wives and children, he and his people, and some from other families assembled, the men being preceded by an old grey-headed priest. It was affecting and pleasing to see them attired in large dresses of Tongan cloth, and serious beyond what I expected. There were upwards of three hundred. I felt much moved, and was afraid that I could not proceed with the service. However, I got through. I was astonished at the very orderly appearance of the congregation. All knelt ; and I doubt not that there was a goodly number of sincere worshippers, while all were brought under the same word of life. That which has hindered is taken out of the way.

Besides, the chief is evidently very desirous that others should join him. He has already sent to several towns, desiring them to *lotu*. He went off with us to the mission-house, and appeared as if he were relieved in body and mind of a great burden.

"After they had eaten, many children came to the mission-house for alphabets, and began to read in the verandah. There were many groups, forming a Sunday School, several getting hold of the mission servants and a few Viwa Christians to teach them. All rejoiced. Early the next morning I called to bid good-bye to the chief. He and his principal wife desired me to conduct family prayer. I was beginning, when they asked me to wait till all came. Carpenters, visitors, servants, were to dress and come in. A great number were present. What a change! How many evils, to which they, even when enlightened heathens, cling tenaciously, are done away at a stroke! What a basis for good—deep, extensive, everlasting good to body and soul! Glory be to God! We bless the God of heaven! Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever! for wisdom and might are His; and He changeth the times and the seasons!"

It was truly a great event—great for Fiji, and very great in the personal history of Calvert the missionary. For years the conversion of Thakombau had been asked for in his daily prayers; and he had

lost no opportunity of reproving and instructing him. He set before himself continually the planting of Christianity in Mbau as an object to be worked for with all earnestness. But the king's persistence in evil, and the enormous wickedness of his city, had almost led the other missionaries to give up hope, and to fall in with the counsel that it would be better to leave Mbau and its king alone in their incorrigible evil. Even when Mr. Waterhouse went to live at Mbau, he went with the gloomiest prospects, as to a forlorn hope. Thus, for some time past, Calvert's faith had been sorely tried with every possible discouragement; but he kept on, praying, trusting, and working; and now the long thick darkness began to be broken. It was not yet day, but there were signs of dawn; and no wonder that the good man's heart overran with joyful thankfulness. The Vunivalu was far, very far, from being a converted Christian; but he had now absolutely severed himself from the old heathenism and all its evil observances, and he had openly put himself and his people under the teaching of the missionaries.

"He caused the Sabbath to be strictly observed; and procured a large bell, by which to summon his numerous household to family prayer. His own attendance at the preaching and prayer-meetings was regular, and his deportment serious. His little

boy, of about seven years of age, had already been permitted to bear the name of Christian, and had learned to read. The little fellow now became the teacher of his parents, who were both so eager to acquire knowledge that sometimes their young instructor would fall asleep with fatigue in the midst of the lesson, to resume it after a refreshing nap." (*Fiji and the Fijians.*)

In his journal Mr. Calvert writes a week afterwards :—

"This has been such a week as I have not previously had in Fiji. It is like a dream when one awaketh; yet it is a blessed reality; for it is rest after labour, ease after painful anxiety, joyful exultation after being cast down. The language of all our visitors is changed. They say, 'Our chief has *lotued;* it is now near us; we shall all soon *lotu.*' Formerly all were waiting for him.

"To-day I have had a conversation with a teacher, who has been at Mbau to help Mr. Waterhouse, and has to-day fetched his wife, that he may go and live with the chief. He says that the chief speaks and acts like a man who has been walking in God's way, and understands the Scriptures. 'The fact is,' he said, 'he has been thoroughly instructed, and is able now to put in practice, and to tell others, what he knows.'

"Yesterday, when his food was ready, he sent for the head priest, and asked him to drink soup, and eat with him. This he is not allowed to do as a priest, but has separate provision made for him. The old priest refused, pretending that he was tipsy. The chief said, 'Well, don't mistake; you must plant your own food, and eat and drink like other people for the future. There will be no chief now to supply you, and no island whence any will be allowed to bring you food as a priest. You have long and greatly deceived me. I have decided, and we shall all become Christians, and follow it to our lives' end."'

The war troubles which pressed so heavily upon Thakombau, at the time of his becoming *lotu*, went on from worse to worse, and he was in grave peril. The whites, on the one hand, and his old enemies at Rewa, on the other, threatened his destruction. The chief of Rewa sent to warn Mr. Waterhouse to remove speedily, as he was about to demolish Mbau and its king. Thakombau was much touched by the missionary's determination to remain with him. He at last yielded to milder counsels, and sought to make peace with his enemies; but they rejected his advances. Mr. Calvert's position was one of great difficulty, and of not a little danger. He was well known as the firm friend of the Vunivalu, while he also passed freely to and fro

among his foes. Two months after Thakombau's turning, Calvert had a very narrow escape. Journeying from one place to another in the interests of peace, he determined to call, on his way home, at the island of Moturiki, to warn the people there that the Ovalau chief was about to attack them. He himself thus describes his peril and escape :—

"We found that the tide did not serve well for landing; we therefore steered towards the entrance [in the reef] leading to Viwa. One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning to us, and told me. I desired one of my Rotumans to go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and we would put in at another point for him, where I would see the people. He got in the water, and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, 'They are from Lovoni [a mountain district in Ovalau], and will kill me.' I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think he was a man from Mbau who had *lotued*. I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians; but said to the boat's crew that, should I be killed, they were to return to Levuka, so that

Tui Levuka might get my body. Kaitu, a Rotuman, wished to go with me. I forbade him, and ordered them to take the boat round by the deep water near the reef, and put in for me at the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee-deep. As I proceeded towards the shore, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat, and therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted, to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me; some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled; but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognised, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat, and, knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in

danger, had run towards me; but was late in reaching me, from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognising me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them, and treated them kindly; and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me; but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged him not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated Mara and the mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them that I had interceded with the Mbau chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened; and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely de-

termined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life. He was extremely ferocious, but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which, indeed, he once or twice managed; but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching the shore, led by two. One untied my neck-cloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, and felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them, indeed, quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death-song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still, and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed towards their own town.

"I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged

he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed. They also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o'clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence, but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. At midnight I reached Viwa in the canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to the going to look after me.

"During the whole of the attack upon me the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my Help and Deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about being ended; yet I was comforted in the assurance—

> 'They cannot, Lord, my life devour,
> Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.'

While looking at the instruments of death which were held over, and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken by His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that, if He permitted my

death, I should glorify Him in some ways that I could not have done by my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him, whether by life or death. I thought of my family, and committed my children, in England, New Zealand, and Fiji, and my much-beloved and faithful wife, to the Lord, in whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought my own likely to be mangled and abused to the same extent; but I knew that I should not be eaten, even in cannibal Fiji, which was some relief to my mind. And thus I felt very thankful to Him, who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end of my labours in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how powerful, my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours."

In June, Mr. Calvert again visited Lakemba, that he might take part in the ordination of native ministers. He was very nearly wrecked in trying to pass the entrance through the reef at Lakemba. For more than an hour they were in great peril, and struck the reef twice. At last they succeeded in

turning round, and effected a landing at another part of the coast.

Three candidates were examined for ordination, and two others for admission to a four years' probation. These men had been under the instruction of Mr. Lyth, whose services in this most important branch of the mission were of the utmost possible value. The great importance of his medical work has been already noticed. In all respects the mission owed to his personal influence and labours more than can ever be told. His extreme modesty made his career far less conspicuous than that of other men; but all who had an opportunity of watching his course and its results agree in giving him a chief place among those who were instrumental in bringing about the reformation of Fiji.

Mr. Calvert says: "The training of those persons for the work of the Lord in which they are to be employed must have cost Mr. Lyth immense labour, and reflects great credit on both teacher and taught." At one place which he visited he was delighted to find a large chapel filled with devout worshippers, a scene which he thankfully contrasts with the time when he tried in vain to introduce Christianity there, and then, afterwards, "went there in the night, when a few bowed the knee."

On his return voyage he had another very narrow escape, being nearly swept overboard by the boom

in jibing. He clung to the boom, and just saved himself. They put in at Levuka, where he heard very alarming news of the spread of the revolt against Mbau, and that the day was fixed for the destruction of the Vunivalu. After preaching three times on the Sunday at Levuka, as it grew late men gathered, angry and threatening, in front of the house. They had said that his presence close to Mbau was the only thing that hindered the murder of the king. The night, therefore, was spent in sleepless watching. No attack, however, was made; and the next day he reached home at Viwa in safety.

To any one studying the history of Fiji, the position and doings of Calvert at this crisis are extremely interesting. He had acquired a very remarkable influence with the foremost men on both sides of the spreading quarrel. He knew them and their policy thoroughly, and had become an expert in the mysteries of Fijian diplomacy. It is no contradiction to say that, while he was well hated by some of the enemies of Thakombau for thwarting their plans, they, at the same time, respected and feared him.*

* The real respect in which he was held by the white men is illustrated by the case of a Jew merchant, who made him his executor, and thus laid upon him, amongst other charges, the gruesome task of having the testator's body put into a cask of rum and forwarded to his widow in Sydney.

Some among them, though not the most violent, he knew very well to be the real strength of the revolt, and he used the power he had over them without sparing his strength or his property. His journal is almost wholly taken up, at this date, with details of incessant journeys, and the account of his pleadings with different chiefs, pleadings sometimes backed by judicious and costly presents. He fully believed in the sincerity of the Vunivalu's *lotu*. The event justified his confidence; but, at the time, probably no one but the Christians shared it. The king's enemies derided it; though one of them said, "If he is truly *lotu* we shall not get him; if a hypocrite, his *lotu* will be only fuel to fire." In the engagements in which the Mbau forces took part for their own protection, the old cannibal practices entirely ceased. On the occasion of the body of a slain enemy being brought to Mbau, Calvert writes: "How changed is Mbau! Two years ago the women were strangled on the death of the chief. A year ago, any bodies that were brought to Mbau were cut up, and cooked, and eaten; and cooked pieces were hung on the mission fence. Now, things are altogether changed. The chief gave a mat, in which the body was wrapped up, and sent to his own relatives to be buried by them."

The following year saw the end of the great rebellion. Peace was made with Rewa without further fighting; but the rest of the revolting tribes

gathered their forces, largely helped by the whites, at one place, which they strongly fortified. In March, George Tubou, the Christian king of Tonga, visited Mbau with a large fleet, to receive a great canoe—probably the largest in the world—which the Fijian king had built for him. The rebels fired upon the Tongan canoes, which led George to unite his forces with those of Thakombau; and in one short, sharp engagement the stronghold of the enemy was stormed and destroyed, and the long war was practically at an end. Two hundred prisoners were brought to Mbau, where Mr. Calvert found them unbound, and with a temporary shelter erected over them. He found that the king had ordered drink to be given them, and was much touched to see the king's little son going about amongst them to serve them. None of them were put to death, not even Koroi Ravulo, a Mbau chief, who had been one of the most implacable and most treacherous of the rebels.

Before King George returned, he accompanied Thakombau on his first visit to Rewa since the eleven years' war ended. The fleet of more than forty canoes made a gallant show; and Mr. Calvert sailed with the Tongan king on his new canoe, which had one hundred and forty persons on board. From his extremely interesting account of this trip, some few extracts may be given :—

"In going towards the canoe, I found that the tide, for which they were waiting, was making. Baskets, chests, mats, yams, etc., were being taken on board. While I was yet on shore, I observed the king at one end of the house [on deck] attending, apparently, to the reception and stowing of the goods, which I thought rather an unkingly employment, but supposed it was necessary that some one having authority should have that position. . . . I went to see how the king had managed the stowing of the cargo, and was disappointed, as baskets, and mats of various sizes and shapes, guns, boxes, etc., seemed as if they had been put in accidentally. But when I came to the other end of the house, I found that the marked and assiduous attention he had paid was to prevent encroachment upon a considerable and very convenient portion of the house, which he had appropriated to two young men of his crew who had been slightly wounded.

"All being ready, the anchors were taken up. The king gave orders, and took a large pole at the stern of the canoe, so as to occupy the principal place for steering. They at once began one of their lively and inspiriting nautical songs, in which the Tongans are pre-eminent. Seven *suas*, long paddles like oars, are worked at the forepart of the vessel, the men standing at their work, and twenty paddles astern, which is peculiar to Tongan canoes. Twenty long

poles were used at the sides and at the stern in shoal water. All frequently change for relief. After the king and others had poled for some time they were relieved by others. Presently he went astern, and called to others to join him in relieving the paddlers. What was difficult in the management of the canoe he was ready to lay hold of. He kept a watchful eye on everything; was grave, yet cheerful. All reverenced him, and felt at home with him. When we came to a shallow part, and several had to get overboard, he was quickly in the water. Once I saw him up to his neck.

"The stern end of the platform was occupied by a large square wooden case, the sides of which leaned outwards. This was soon needed. There were persons appointed for cooking, who had made preparation beforehand. The case was covered with green leaves, on which were three or four inches of earth. Upon the earth was placed one tier of hard stones, closely packed. On these stones a fire was made. The same could be seen in the bay smoking from all the Tongan canoes. On the burning wood many more stones are laid, and become hot. These are then removed, and yams, or taro, or bread-fruit, are cut and laid on the lower tier of stones. Bananas and native bread are wrapped up in leaves. As all are piled up, the other hot stones are mixed with them. The whole is then carefully covered over

with several thicknesses of bread-fruit leaves stitched together. A wet rope is then closely and neatly coiled over the whole, which effectually prevents the steam from escaping. A coarse cocoa-nut leaf mat is laid over this to keep the sun and wind from drying the rope. . . .

"After calling at one place and ratifying the peace, they brought up for the night opposite Makelo.

"As soon as we were anchored, I observed the king covering with cocoa-nut leaves, to protect from dew and rain, a part of the deck in front of the canoe house, and he and another put up an end of the sail around it. A mat was laid on the floor, and I was told it was for my accommodation during the night. I begged the king to share it with me, but he said he should manage very well. I asked him to conduct worship, which he did with admirable spirit, propriety, and earnestness. Singing and prayer ascended from every canoe. After a short nap, I turned out and surveyed the deck-ends of the canoe, which were covered with people, who seemed comfortably asleep. The king, I afterwards found, slept on deck, with a covering of Tonga cloth. . . .

"At break of day hymns and prayers resounded from the Tonga canoes. After our morning prayer [on Thakombau's canoe, to which Calvert had gone before daylight] the Vunivalu and I partook of yam

and coffee, and I started for Makelo, which I found to be a large straggling town, with several moats round it. . . . I went to the old queen, who had *lotued* with the king, and saw a few who had bowed themselves before the Lord since the end of the war. They listened to me with marked attention, and wish for teachers, whom I hope we shall be able to get for them. . . . I noticed a small grove of bamboos, which, I was told, was planted to provide instruments for cutting up dead bodies. These bamboos, I was assured, were cut down and used only for that purpose. Bamboo knives are very sharp. The natives are as scrupulous about what is used in connection with human flesh as Herod was about his oath, when he sacrificed the life of John the Baptist. I suppose they would not allow a knife used for food to be employed in cutting up a human body. The oven in which it is cooked they are careful not to use even for the vegetables eaten with it. The pot in which it is re-cooked is never used for any other purpose, but has a place set apart for it, where it, and it alone, is kept, so that there can be no mistake. On my first arrival in Fiji, I shared the common prejudice against food provided at places where human flesh is eaten; but since I have been so fully persuaded that the persons, implements, and utensils employed in its preparation are scrupulously avoided in preparing other food, I have no fear

on that point, even should human flesh be cooking in the town at the time.

"[Sunday was spent in Rewa.] At the usual time the drums were beaten. Those from Tongatabu assembled in the house occupied by King George, those of Vavau and Haapai [the great islands in the Friendly group] in the large house, where the Fijian service has usually been held. We repaired to Bure ko Rewa—a sacred place, where dead bodies were presented to the gods, and where they are cut up and cooked, and where the Vunivalu or any of the Mbauans would have been dragged, had they been got hold of a few weeks ago. Now all assembled together therein to worship the one living and true God. . . . At the service sat an old man from Kandavu, who has treated the Mbau chief ill in the late war, and whose canoe was to have been taken from him. He was seated second from the Vunivalu, who, when he noticed him, gave him a tap on the head with his fingers, which showed that all was right, and relieved the old man from his fears. We assembled in the same place in the afternoon. Mrs. Moore [the wife of the missionary stationed at Rewa] and I, in returning, went to the king's house to see the queen (a Christian). But she was in her private apartment—a part screened off by Tonga cloth. There, I judge, she was holding her class-meeting. Another class-meeting of about twenty was being

held at the other end of the house. A small number were assembled outside on a hill, for the same purpose. Private means of grace are liable to be neglected in voyaging, but where there's a will there's a way. In small houses, on a canoe, under a canoe, in the bush, here on a hill in the middle of the town, those among them who really fear the Lord speak one to another, and stir up each other's minds. At Mbau a class-leader came to me to know whether he might meet his class in a heathen temple. I encouraged him by all means to do so. All the principal men at Rewa have *lotued*, and I doubt not that the work will spread much. The change here is immense."

The establishment of peace was immediately followed by a wide spread of the *lotu*; and Mr. Calvert found that, whereas formerly they had begged chiefs to receive a teacher, and very often in vain, now they were besieged on all hands by earnest requests that teachers might be sent. They were at their wits' end to meet the demand, as also to furnish necessary supplies of books. "We are perplexed," he writes, "for want of men. The change is so sudden and extensive that we are not at all able to get men for each town who can read, and pray, and teach reading. It is with difficulty that we get books printed to meet the demand. This year we have printed

upwards of twenty thousand each of the first and second reading books; but that will not meet the case."

Mr. Calvert had now been seventeen years in Fiji. Of those who were on the ground when he arrived, or came with him, not one was left. Several times during the last year or two, the question of his return home had been raised; but the General Superintendent of the Polynesian missions, the Rev. W. B. Boyce, wrote imploring him to stay until the issue of the war was decided. He said, "You have an influence which no one else can have. If you remain, we have no fears; but if you leave, I have little hope of war being prevented, as *you* are the master mind of the King of Mbau. In supporting his authority you have done well, and are Scripturally justified; and you have consulted the good of all parties in Fiji, as it was the only plan by which anarchy could have been prevented." The danger was now at an end, and peace restored; and all who knew the course of affairs acknowledged that this result was mainly owing to Calvert's incessant exertions. He had gained great influence with Thakombau; and that which had been for years a chief aim of his life was well nigh reached when the king *lotued.* He still prayed on, and worked for his actual conversion; but it was not till after he had left that he was gladdened by the welcome news that the Vunivalu had been baptised.

He then dismissed his many wives, every one of whom represented an alliance which brought him power and wealth. All this was now renounced for righteousness' sake, and he was solemnly married to his chief queen, who had become a genuine and devoted Christian. The others speedily found husbands and homes. Mr. Waterhouse thus describes the baptism :—

"In the afternoon [January 11th, 1857] the king was publicly baptised. In the presence of God, he promised to 'renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.' He engaged to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and solemnly vowed, in the name of the Holy Trinity, 'to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life.' In accordance with my request, previously conveyed, the king then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins. In time past he had considered himself a god, and had received honours almost divine from his people. Now he humbles himself, and adores his great Creator and merciful Preserver. And what a congregation he had! Husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured! widows,

whose husbands he had slain! sisters, whose relatives had been strangled by his orders! relatives, whose friends he had eaten! and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers! A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombau said, 'I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came, and invited me to embrace Christianity; but I said to them, "I will continue to fight." God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation; but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.' He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence."

From that day forward till his death—nearly twenty-six years—he proved the truth of his conversion by a consistent and faithful Christian life.

The old king, after the cession of his dominions to Great Britain, was thoroughly faithful to the compact, and uniformly used his influence to facilitate the new order of government. He died in 1881. In the night before he passed away, he said, "We have not had prayers yet, have we? Well, we will have them now, and I will conduct them." So he

prayed with his wonted simplicity and fervour. Afterwards he said: "Lord, be gracious unto me. Here I lie in obedience to Thy will. Life and death are in Thy hands. Thou alone rulest." The last petition that those about him could hear was, "Hold me, Jesus! Hold me, Jesus! My faith in Thee is firm."

The Rev. F. Langham, who was present, wrote to Mr. Calvert:—

"He died well. It would have rejoiced your heart to see the grand old warrior—for grand he certainly did look as he lay on his mat—saying he trusted in Jesus, his loving Saviour. His son, Timothy, and his daughters knelt with me while I prayed to the waiting Saviour to receive the departing spirit. I could hardly get words out, for we were all weeping. We were thankful that he had ended his stormy life so peacefully. . . . You may imagine I miss the old man. He was always so regular in church, and one of the best hearers I ever knew. And how appropriately he used to pray! With what sweet simplicity! You remember what choice language he used. He had a fine command of Fijian words. It was always a treat to listen to him whether in the prayer-meeting, or class-meeting, or lovefeast. It was something worth doing to win him for Christ. Thank God for such a glorious

trophy of redeeming mercy! And what a multitude have been won to a profession of religion, and brought to know the Saviour, through a knowledge of his conversion, and by his influence and example!"

To return. A great work called for Calvert's presence in England. The mission press had done wonders; but it was no longer equal to the demands upon it. There had been published at Viwa, as already stated, besides large numbers of separate Scripture books and other works, an edition of one thousand of the entire New Testament in Fijian; and, two years later, a revised edition of three thousand. The British and Foreign Bible Society had given most liberal aid, by grants of money and paper, to this work, and then by sending out an edition of five thousand published in England, where Mrs. Hunt did valuable service in correcting the press. These Testaments were thankfully purchased by the Fijian Christians. The translation of the whole Bible was at last complete, and the Bible Society undertook to print it as soon as an expert in the language should reach England. For this service Mr. Calvert was chosen by common consent; and thus his first long term of work in Fiji came to an end.

On his last Sunday he preached at Mbau to a thousand people assembled in the large public Guest House; and both preacher and people were much

moved. The long years of toil, and suffering, and danger were forgotten that day in joyful thankfulness for the wonderful changes that had come about. Two days after, on November 13th, 1855, with Mrs. Calvert and three of their children, he left Fiji in the *Wesley*.

The Rev. Thomas West and his family, from Tonga, sailed with them. When five days out they reached the solitary island of Rotumah, three hundred miles to the north of Fiji. The mission here had been entirely carried on by native Fijian and Tongan teachers, who had learned the language of the people. A missionary paid a visit to the island about once a year. It being Sunday, Mr. Calvert preached to "a large and very attentive congregation" at Oinatha, the principal town, Eliezer, a teacher, acting as interpreter. He says:—

"I was perfectly surprised to see the amazing difference observable in the people since the time of my former visit. They were like another people. Upwards of one hundred were prepared for baptism, and their names written on a paper handed to me by Eliezer, who is stationed here with Jotame. He has gained an excellent knowledge of the language during the year, and was very ready in interpreting. He has evidently been very diligent, and success has attended his efforts. He has carefully attended to the classes, and to children, and the adult schools.

I baptised the chief, Josiah Tokainina, who is very anxious for an English missionary."

Three days were spent on Rotumah, and several places visited. One hundred and eighty-three persons were baptised. The *Wesley* had been unable to anchor, and, in very bad weather, had stood off and on all the time. They had to sail above ten miles out to reach her.

"Thus end my labours for the present in these seas. May the Lord henceforth guide me by His counsel, employ me in His service, keep me from every evil, strengthen me in every duty, and succeed with His blessing my future work, and afterwards receive me to glory. Amen."

CHAPTER V.

HOME, AND RETURN TO FIJI.

Arrival in England.—Woodbridge and Bible Work.—Catholicity.—Mission Advocacy.—The Call to return to Fiji.—Voyage Out.—Arrival at Lakemba.—First Missionary Meetings at Mbau and Viwa.—Settled at Ovalau.—Moturiki revisited.—Diplomatic Work.—Revision and Blind Shem.—Visit to Lakemba.—Beginning of the Jubilee Chapel.—Presentation of Address.—Rejoicing on account of Great Success.—School Feast at Mbau.—Training Institution on Kandavu.—Another Visit to Rotumah.—Ordination of Native Ministers.—Farewell Services.—Left Fiji.

CHAPTER V.

HOME, AND RETURN TO FIJI.

ON his way home, at the close of 1855, Mr. Calvert spent some little time in Sydney, and also attended the Conference in Melbourne. His evidence concerning the work accomplished in Fiji made a deep impression in the colonies to the great benefit of the mission funds. Two Christian natives, who had come up with him in the *Wesley*, accompanied him to several of the meetings which were held in New South Wales, and excited much interest by their statements.

England was reached in the spring of 1856; and Mr. Calvert forthwith set about the work for which especially he had come. The translation of the Old Testament had to be prepared for the press, and the New Testament translation to be further revised, both under the direction of the Editorial Superintendent of Translations of the Bible Society, the late Rev. T. W. Meller, rector of Woodbridge, Suffolk; and in his parish the Calverts settled down, and, for the first time, gathered all their children

together about them. Their eldest had been with relatives in England several years, and the two next were sent to school in New Zealand. Four years were spent in diligent application to the work of producing the first complete edition of the Fijian Bible, a work demanding patient labour, and anxious attention and pains, of which those who see only the completed result have but little notion.

While this responsible task had the first claim on his time and energy, Mr. Calvert found opportunity for much valuable service in other ways. His personal character and influence were continually felt for good in Woodbridge, and his genial warmth and cheery brightness brought help to many. He is still remembered there for the large, free catholicity with which he held himself ready to help in the service of any Christian Church, and to hold the most affectionate fellowship with its members. His soul had grown up outside of the cramping restraints of small ecclesiastical and sectarian jealousies and bigotries, and altogether refused to be held by them from giving full play to the instincts of Christian brotherhood. This was not because he had no definition on the Church side of his religion, nor because he reckoned Church principles to be of little importance. He stood always loyally and lovingly by the Church to which he belonged. Observation, indeed, seems to compel the conclusion,

that a catholicity which affects to have no such standing, has seldom, if ever, strength to make itself really effective.

His advocacy of the great missionary cause was of the highest possible service. Without the slightest pretence to rhetorical art, he told with manly simplicity the story of what he himself had seen. And with the simplicity was a quick warmth, which reproduced all the feelings that had moved him in witnessing, and taking part in, the scenes which he described. While listening to him, it was impossible to doubt his truth and sincerity, which gave a wonderful force to his speaking, such as no artistic oratory could have produced; and occasional gleams of genuine but well-controlled humour made him at times irresistible. And, in his pleading, what a case he had!

Very quickly, and crowded with busy service, those years at home passed away. Then news came from Fiji that the mission staff, overtaxed by the rapidly growing claims of the work, was seriously crippled by the death of one of its strongest men, the Rev. John Polglase. Already it had been determined to send out a considerable reinforcement, and six young missionaries were designated for the service. The need was great, and no one knew its urgency so well as Mr. Calvert and his noble wife. The call came; and between the hearing

and the obeying there was no pause of hesitation or debate. The cost was great ; and it was reckoned and faced. The happy English home, with the children all about them, must be given up. They, being as fully one in sacred devotion as in wedded love, brought the sacrifice, and offered themselves to return alone to Fiji. All the children were well provided for by the aid of willing friends, who reckoned it a great privilege to be suffered to lighten the burden of these faithful ones.

On December 12th, 1860, the mission party, accompanied by many loving friends, went down the Thames to Gravesend, where they embarked for Australia. They had, on the whole, a good voyage. The young missionaries and their wives met regularly to study the Fijian language, and by the time they reached Sydney could read and translate with fair success. In a letter written on board, Mr. Calvert says, "Mrs. Calvert and I are more and more persuaded that we are in our proper path. She has suffered a good deal, but bears all in the best way." In that short sentence, written hurriedly to catch a ship spoken at sea, how much motherly anguish is covered by the words—"has suffered a good deal!" They anchored at Sydney in three months and seven days after starting, and, having spent about a month in the colony, set out again on April 23rd. They called at the Friendly

Islands, and arrived in Fiji on the morning of May 30th.

The *John Wesley* brought up off Lakemba, where Mr. and Mrs. Calvert first landed twenty-three years before. It is not easy to imagine all they felt as they looked once more on that familiar coast, every feature of which brought back the thought of some incident of the eventful ten years spent there. What changes had been brought about since then! The whole island was now at least nominally Christian. The old king, Tui Nayau, still lived, and had long since forsaken heathenism and all its evil ways. It was a harvest-field now, and these faithful workers looked back to the long, hard seed-time, and were glad with an unutterable thanksgiving.

Some of the missionaries and the widow of Mr. Polglase came off to the *Wesley*; but only Mr. and Mrs. Calvert could go ashore. "We went," he says, "to see the old king; and he and I kissed each other. I prayed with him and his one wife, to whom he had been married since I left. We also went to see other friends." The *Wesley* reached Mbau a few days afterwards, having called at several stations on the way. The District Meeting was held forthwith.

"During the District Meeting," Mr. Calvert writes, "the first Missionary Meeting was held at Mbau. It was a grand sight. Thakombau, in full

dress, led the way into the large square when the collection was brought. When near the spot where the gifts were put, he laid hold of ten heads of turtle-shell, weighing about twenty pounds, which had been previously conveyed, and laid it at our feet. Several five-gallon cans of cocoa-nut oil were then brought as his subscription. Then the men of Mbau, well dressed, one at a time, laid down their presents of oil. Then came the ladies of Mbau in a body, singing, as they came, appropriate pieces which they had prepared, and portions of Scripture. The queen gave, I think, three cans of oil, and others brought quantities according to their ability and disposition. Our coming to Fiji for the second time to the work was celebrated in song. The fishermen and women, the carpenters, and the youths of Mbau came in bodies and presented their offerings. The fifty cans prepared to receive the oil—which were expected to be more than sufficient—were soon filled, and many more had to be obtained. All was done cheerfully and gracefully. The people were clean and well dressed. After the collection was over, and the oil secured, we adjourned to the chapel to sing, give thanks, pray, and hear speeches. In Joeli Bulu's speech he feelingly referred to our return, and called upon all who, with himself, were heartily thankful that we had come back again to lift up their hands. The mass of hands held up was

gratifying.* Altogether it was a grand sight. The change wrought is marvellous.

"On the following day, the Viwa Missionary Meeting was held, to which we were urgently invited. Our District Meeting was drawing to a close, and we were very busy; but I got permission to attend, with some of the brethren. The people are few, and the work has not prospered at Viwa. We went in low spirits, but I was very much cheered. The road to the chapel was weeded, and the path renewed. Forms were fixed in an open space, where we assembled, and waited for the contributors, who shortly made their appearance, well dressed, all alive, singing as they came, bringing large yams, pigs, fowls, a duck, and many mats and baskets which they had made. I was surprised, encouraged, delighted. I was the only speaker, and felt quite inspired. All listened with very earnest attention."

It was decided that Mr. Calvert should take charge of Ovalau, which, together with Viwa, was in the Mbau Circuit. He would have greatly preferred to be at Mbau; but a younger missionary was there, and he did not wish to unsettle him. He knew

* See *Joel Bulu: the Autobiography of a Native Minister in the South Seas. Translated by a Missionary.* Wesleyan-Methodist Book Room, London. One of the most perfectly beautiful stories of the kind ever written.

Ovalau well, and its peculiar difficulties. All the complications caused by the white residents—and they were very serious—had their chief source on this island, at Levuka, where most of the whites lived. The British and American consuls were here. Amongst the now growing number of foreigners settled in Fiji, or staying there for a time, were some men thoroughly without moral principle, whose lives and influence worked disastrously among the natives. A growing and murderous trade was established in ardent spirits; and the missionaries looked on with dismay and grief as they saw cases of cheap gin landed, bearing the names of merchants well known in religion and philanthropy in Europe. Here, then, Mr. Calvert came to dwell; and it was like him that he gave up the one little "study" in the mission-house to the young missionary, his colleague, who had just come out, and put up his own bookshelves in his bedroom.

Very soon after his return he visited the island of Maturiki, where his life was in such great peril seven years before (p. 153). He opened two large and well-built chapels, and was delighted to find them filled with attentive congregations. As they entered one of these, the people joined in a chant; and, in one who took the lead, dressed in a black coat, the preacher recognised the man who had violently insisted upon killing him.

"He was manifestly ashamed, and could not bear to meet my eye. He had an uneasy appearance. After the service I went and shook hands with him, and said that, as we were both alive, we ought to devote ourselves fully to the Lord. He could not speak, but appeared deeply humbled. What a marvellous change has been wrought in the views, principles, and conduct of this people!"

To narrate the particulars of Mr. Calvert's life at Ovalau would be to give the history of a large part of the Fiji mission, and the history of Fiji itself, at that period. In every step and every detail of the mission he took the most lively and practical interest; and his knowledge of the whole course of events from the beginning often enabled him to give most important help. In Fijian politics he was an acknowledged expert. He had watched, from their small beginnings, the growth and complication of disputes, which had come to be problems full of difficulty and danger; tribal quarrels, threatening local wars; conflicts between native interests and the claims of foreign settlers, leading to the visit of ships of war, and formal commissions of inquiry, before which the missionary acted both as interpreter and counsel; and then the harassing, and at one time extremely perilous, relations with the Tongans settled or roving in the group. Mr. Calvert, in

common with the other missionaries, could not be what his duty required him to be to the people without becoming personally engaged in the discussion of all these questions, often travelling far, and enduring much in acting as a mediator, and always striving to avert war, and bring about well-settled peace. There is abundant material in his correspondence at this time of great interest; but it would need so much historical statement, and so many explanations to make it intelligible, that it must be left where it is for the instruction of any student who may wish to unravel the tangle of Fijian affairs previous to the effectual cutting of all knots by the cession of the group to Great Britain.

The offer of the sovereignty of Fiji had already been made to Great Britain, but was, at first, declined. After Mr. Calvert's death, Admiral Jenkins, referring to this period, wrote:—

"In July and August 1862 I was captain of H.M.S. *Miranda*, taking the message of Sir John Young, Governor of New South Wales, declining, on the part of Her Majesty's ministers, the offer of the sovereignty of the Fiji Islands; and I well remember the valuable assistance rendered to me by Mr. Calvert, not only by interpreting and printing in Fijian that message, but in settling matters between Europeans and the natives. Thakombau, the chief I had to do

with, looked to him with respect, and as one they could rely upon to give them good counsel and advice.

"I also well remember the native church at Ovalau, built and filled by themselves. After leaving Ovalau, I had on board the *Miranda* the chief of Sarua, whose people a fortnight before were said to have captured and eaten five men and forty women and children.

"The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert at Ovalau, and their influence on the native government, and on the white residents, was indeed a great blessing."

But, exacting as all these matters were, they always stood second to the claims of the missionary's one great commission. At Levuka, the town where he now lived, he found the chapel in a very bad condition, and succeeded in building a new one, which had the distinction of being the first in Fiji having a boarded floor. He also built a church for English services, and gathered a congregation of fifty white people, while a school was provided for their children. At last, also, an impression was made upon the wild and turbulent tribe who inhabited the mountains in the interior of the island, amongst whom Verani was slain, and a number of them were brought under Christian instruction. As Mr. Calvert records his visits to different parts of the group, the recurrence of such exclamations as,

"What a wonderful change!" "What hath God wrought!" becomes almost like a refrain of joyful praise.

During this second term in the islands he was very closely occupied in the further revision of the Fijian version of the Scriptures. The experience which he had gained in this work while in England had frequently made him feel the need of having at hand an intelligent native, to whom nice points of construction and expression might be referred. So thoroughly did he now take up this work that, during the four years, he went carefully through the whole of the New Testament eight times. In this he found a very valuable helper in a blind man named Semi, the Fijian form of Shem. When at Viwa more than ten years before, while engaged on the same task, he had asked Thakombau to recommend to him some one who could help him. The king suggested this blind youth, to the missionary's no little disappointment. A very few experiments, however, proved the wisdom of the selection. Shem was found to have in a remarkable degree the gifts necessary for the work. He was a born poet, and exercised instinctively an exact discrimination in the choice of terms, while his fine musical ear made him detect at once any awkward or dissonant construction, as well as any words used colloquially with an alternative and sometimes very

objectionable meaning. In those early days when Semi was quite young, though he enjoyed the work, he sometimes grew tired in it, so that Mr. Calvert, reading on industriously, had to call out, "Wake up, Semi!" Now, with more mature powers, larger knowledge, and greater zest, he gave most valuable aid in the patient and careful revision of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. Mr. Calvert greatly admired and loved his ready helper.

In December 1863 he again revisited, as Chairman of the whole Fiji District, his old station at Lakemba.

"I preached in the morning, and was pleased to see the husband and wife and children sit together as families. This is a very great improvement upon the old system, when the wife was looked down upon, and partook of food if her husband left any. In the evening I preached in English to a congregation of eight persons. Here the missionaries have a dozen young married men, who are likely to become useful in our work, in a training school. To these they pay special attention, in connection with ten other local preachers. This is a most effectual way of serving the cause of truth, producing great and ever-accumulating good. The teachers and local preachers from all the towns on the island come to

the missionaries on two days a week to receive instruction in writing, arithmetic, and theology. Having brought with me copies of a new book prepared by Mr. Moore for our native agents, I met the teachers, and earnestly directed their attention to it. It consists of definitions of, and Scripture passages on, the doctrines of the Bible, and will prove very helpful and useful.

"On Sunday afternoon I heard Matthias Thakau preach from Revelation i. 7. The discourse was clear, and every part was well confirmed by appropriate passages of Scripture. I well remember him as an active lad, who accompanied and helped me on my first visit to the islands of Vatoa and Ono twenty-four years ago. He is now teacher in the king's town, where he is doing a good work among the people generally, and especially among the young men. He is a spiritual, cheerful, and energetic labourer in Christ's cause, and is useful wherever he resides. Such men tell everywhere. He would have been recommended as a native assistant missionary, but for the misfortune of having a wife who is not like-minded with himself. Anywhere a wife materially hinders or wonderfully helps a man in his efforts to do good. How a man is comforted and strengthened when he has a wife who is a co-worker together with him, and whose prayers to Almighty God prevail on his behalf! However, though this

good man is hindered in his position, he aims to make the best of it, and his labours are crowned with success. And, perhaps, after all, as a catechist or teacher in charge of a town or district, he may be of more real service than he would be were he elated by a higher name. The defective early training, and small amount of knowledge and managing ability, of these people, even the best of them, are a very great drawback to their holding positions of trust and responsibility; and it is extremely difficult for them to keep steady and humble when they become somebody by being placed over others. As a teacher, my friend Matthias recommends religion by his countenance and conduct; but I should like to have found his house more orderly than it is.

"Our work among so many people, placed on about eighty inhabited islands, scattered over several degrees of latitude and longitude, must be dependent, in a great measure, on converted men and women from among themselves, who have to assume authority, control others, and take a leading position. Our District Training Institution will prove invaluable. Full attention is paid to the men, and they gain a good acquaintance with themselves, and are led to act cautiously, respectfully, and judiciously.

"*December 22nd*, 1863.—It is twenty-five years to-day since I first landed in Lakemba. The missionaries, king, and chiefs resolved to celebrate

our arrival a quarter of a century ago, by requesting me to set the first post of their jubilee chapel *—the first wooden chapel in Fiji for the worship of natives. People came in from all the towns, bringing cooked food for the occasion. The king sent a goodly portion to the mission-house, which was divided among the carpenters, native assistant missionary, students, and both mission families.

"At the beating of the drums we assembled in the large chapel. Mr. Tait commenced the service, and Matthias offered a very earnest and comprehensive prayer. Mr. Tait addressed the congregation in a rejoicing strain, and then, to my great surprise, called upon the king's nephew, Zaccheus, to read a long and most kind address to me and my wife (who was also present) from the king and people. The address was as follows :—

"'To Mr. Calvert.—We rejoice in seeing you and your wife to-day. We are grateful to God for lengthening out your life to this one day of gladness. We are inclined to remember your former residence here. When you first came to Fiji our elders were heathen, and painful things thereby frequently came upon you. You diligently taught them the Word of God; but they despised it, and

* A memorial of the jubilee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

they pained you in many ways. And we, their children, express our gratitude for your endurance of them. Now, all heathenism is abolished, and we serve the true God.

"'Behold what has been effected during your living in Fiji! When you first came, chiefs hated one another, and disputed, and evil often arose. But in this age we each dwell comfortably in his own house with our families, and we have no cause of anxiety. When you arrived, the young people and children were very dark, and there was no book for them to read; but now all the children and youths read, and we have the Holy Scriptures as "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path." When you first came, there were few indeed who worshipped God; but now, in connection with Lakemba, we are upwards of four thousand joined to the Church, and there is not one heathen on Lakemba, nor on any of the lands over which our king reigns. We bow before Jehovah, and Him only we wish to serve.

"'And we have determined to have a good house in which to worship God; and this day we begin to build our wooden church. We are very glad that you have managed to come to plant the first post; and we beg you will intercede with God on behalf of this our work, that good may therefrom arise to our land.

"'We have heard that you two are preparing to return to England. It is right that you should go and see your children; but we beg you will not forget us. When you are comfortably settled in England, remember us, and pray for us; and entreat some young ministers to come to Fiji, to instruct us in the Word of God. Both of you, go in peace, remembering the word of David: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And now we bid you farewell. Our prayers shall follow you, and we will prepare to meet you in heaven.

"'*Signed.* On behalf of the chiefs, EDWARD, TUI NAYAU (the king), ZACCHEUS SOKOTUKIVEI, NATHANAEL SAMANI, NAAMAN TAUSERE.

"'On behalf of the native agents, ISAIAH VATA, JOEL KOROIKATA, THOMAS SE.

"'On behalf of the Church members, STEPHEN BABA, ISAAC KALOU.'

"I received the address, and with deep feeling spoke to the congregation, referring to my arrival just twenty-five years ago, to my continuous and successful toils for nearly ten years, to personal and family afflictions and health, to the glorious fact

that a great work of God has been wrought through the Circuit, and to the immense help afforded to our work throughout Fiji, and even to the distant island of Rotumah, by cheerful and hearty labourers sent forth from this Circuit. I warned them against being led astray by spirituous liquors, or by purchasing useful goods before they were able to pay for them. I urged them to use the earth so abundantly given to them, by planting sufficient food for their own consumption, and for sale, and cotton and coffee. I entreated them not to rest without being quite clear in their conversion to God, to seek for increase of Divine grace, and to walk circumspectly. As they had taken a leading and prominent part in the spread of Christianity, I expressed a hope that the Gospel would be advanced by the people of the Lakemba Circuit.

"On my first arrival, there were two hundred and sixty-four Church members in this Circuit, now there are four thousand. I baptised twelve adults —some of rank—from the king's town, and two children. Three of the chiefs delivered effective addresses.

"We assembled on the site of the new chapel. It is to be an octagon building. The width will be sixty-two feet, with a six and a half feet verandah all round, making the extreme width seventy-five feet. The estimated cost is to be twenty-six tons of oil,

worth, on the spot, about £600. We sang a hymn, composed for the occasion by Mr. Tait, who, on behalf of the building committee, presented me with a wooden mallet, inlaid with whale's tooth and pearl shell, and an iron-wood digging stick, with which I set the post with the usual form, and delivered a short address to the surrounding multitude. The children chanted a piece which they had got up to welcome our visit, and gave me their dresses.* Nathan Thataki offered an appropriate prayer. The people made a contribution of oil, and resolved upon a united effort to complete the chapel, free from debt, before we leave Fiji; and they request me to come to the opening, should it be finished. All went off remarkably well.

"Inside a charred log of green-heart—which will be likely to be in good condition when some of the children of the past and present race of missionaries may be carrying on the work begun by us—were nicely placed, in a sealed bottle, a *Watchman*, containing news of the last Conference, an Australian Report and Notice, a Circuit Plan, No. 1 of the *Fijian Quarterly*, edited by the Rev. J. Carey, and a statement of the commencement of the mission

* A Fijian custom in making a complimentary presentation, the persons taking part in it having put on an overdress of native cloth for the purpose.

at Lakemba, names of foreign labourers, and the present statistics of the Circuit."

After describing a watch-night service that was held, he writes on January 1st of the new year :—

"I long for this to be by far the best year I have enjoyed and lived. And why not? The Lord has richer and much more abundant blessings in store than I have yet had, and He is willing to bestow them. He delights in blessing. I shall doubtless have a better year than I have had heretofore, if I take care to live more fully to God every day and every hour, and be mindful to look to and acknowledge Him in everything, 'and whatsoever I do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him,' and 'do all things without murmuring and disputings; that I may be blameless and harmless, a child of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom may I shine as a light in the world; holding forth the Word of Life, that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain.' I hope to give increased attention to prayer and the Scriptures. The Lord help and bless us; and help and bless our beloved ones and friends far away!

"The close of the old year is celebrated by preparing food. Fijians are very fond of a little feasting.

The king's principal daughter, to whom I frequently gave medicine twenty years ago, when she was nigh unto death, in grateful remembrance, gave me a pig. She is likely soon to become a class-leader. The king sent me two live turtles, and a large supply of cooked taro, puddings, fish, and ripe bananas; and afterwards his wife brought from him a head of turtle-shell, weighing three pounds and a half. He has been very thoughtful and kind during our stay, and sent me several pigs, fishes—one weighing twenty-five pounds—fowls, new yams, taro, and bananas.

"*January* 3*rd.*—In preaching this morning, I observed an old man devouring the Word, and evidently alive to God in his soul, and I called upon him to pray. He prays simply and heartily. Formerly he was an adept at stealing our poultry, and boasted of his cleverness and boldness. After that — now many years ago—he suffered much, and for a long time, from simple tetanus, and Mr. Lyth and I paid diligent attention to him. Happily, he had no friends who cared so much for him as to take him out of our hands and put him under Fijian doctors, who have to be paid well. He was left entirely to us, and we persevered. This was one of the very few cases of tetanus we have cured. Zechariah Koroi-mata-ni-tuka is a very good case. Who knows what good may be obtained and promoted by pro-

longing life? He is now a class-leader, and his countenance shows that he is really a happy man. Such a man does good every day. He has two boys with Mr. Tait. One nurses the child, and amuses him well, and milks the goats; the other, Stephen, is steward, and makes bread and cooks first-rate. He goes about his work like a little man, and is a great comfort to Mr. Tait when voyaging about, making cakes and other comforts. Ay, one would almost like to be young again, to have a good long term of Fijian mission life under the new economy! However, mine must be the rejoicing of a gladdened heart, at what has been wrought by the grace and providence of God among a people so deeply degraded and long neglected, and at the present state and prospects of the work generally. The work throughout the Circuit is in a healthy and prosperous condition, Mr. Tait walking in the steps of his predecessor, and keeping all in good order."

When Mr. Calvert came out this second time, it was fully understood and arranged that his stay would be short. All his plans were made for returning at the end of three years; but the health of the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, one of the most experienced and effective of the missionaries, entirely broke down. Mr. Calvert immediately decided to remain until the next year.

In December he attended a school feast at Mbau, at which sixteen hundred scholars were present. It lasted two days, and was a very successful and happy festival. The repeating of portions of Scripture and the reading were good; some progress had been made in arithmetic; and the Scripture lessons showed that the teachers had done their work well. Thence he and Mrs. Calvert went on to Rewa, and then to Kandavu, to make a special inspection of the District Institution at Richmond Hill for the training of teachers.

"Mr. Nettleton has entered on his duties most heartily. He spends four hours a day in teaching, and hears one student preach every week, and meets all in class. There are now thirty-five students—being a much larger number than heretofore; and I hope the number will be increased to forty-two. They are healthy, diligent, clean, and nicely dressed, and respectful in their behaviour. They read remarkably well, and have got on in arithmetic; are sound and well up in the doctrines of Holy Scripture, and preach good sermons. In meeting them all in class, I was delighted with the clearness and depth of their Christian experience. They are truly alive to God; their souls prosper and are in health; and this, in Fiji, as everywhere else, is a great point. My heart was gladdened in the class-meeting, and I rejoiced greatly to find this Institution—the hope of the

future in Fiji—in full and very successful operation. Mrs. Nettleton, having a mind to work, makes good use of her eminent qualifications as a teacher, devoting much time to the twenty wives of the married students.* She teaches them to sew, read, and write, meets a class, and gives Bible lessons. There is a marked improvement in these women, who will also be useful in places where their husbands labour. Mrs. Nettleton, with the harmonium and piano and her voice, teaches the men to sing well, thus qualifying them for leading the singing, and to teach others also when they get into their work. The students get healthful exercise by planting a good deal of food, so that they will raise nearly all that they require when the present abundant crops are mature. A considerable quantity of cotton is planted; and one of the gins [machines for separating the seeds from the cotton], generously sent to my care by J. Robinson Kay, Esq., is stationed here. By these industrial pursuits the annual cost of the Institution will be much lessened, and the students will be trained practically to encourage industry wherever they go."

It was now decided that Mr. Calvert should leave Fiji when the *Wesley* returned from her next visit.

* The students lived in small houses within the Institution enclosure.

He writes to a friend :—

"At our age, I find we have been quite long enough. But it gives one real comfort to come and begin work at once, and to feel that the knowledge one has of persons and things and language enables one to be of service in so many ways. One hardly likes to give it all up. I should prefer to be where I can best serve Fiji as long as I live; and I know that the heart of my good wife is in unison with my own."

Some one had suggested to him that they might settle in one of the Australian colonies. He did not think this at all likely, but hoped that, if it were to be so, he might then, perhaps, after an interval, be able to give another short period of service in Fiji.

At the beginning of July, after holding the District Meeting, he went in the *Wesley* to visit Rotumah once more, where a missionary, Mr. Fletcher, was now placed.

"I was very pleased with the improved appearance of the people as I passed along. They are much cleaner than when I saw them fifteen months ago. After the service—Mr. Fletcher being away preaching elsewhere—I asked the Fijian teacher who had conducted it to interpret for me to the people who were gathered together; but, not having been accustomed to such work, he felt awkward, and had to say he could not manage it. But Mrs. Fletcher, who was present with her four children, stood up and

kindly offered to relieve him and help me. So I again had the pleasure of addressing my Rotuman friends through a very ready interpreter. . . . I took with me six or eight months' letters. They just peeped into a few, and found that all was well at home. After tea, Mr. F. sent to some white men living near, and I preached at seven in English. My welcome was most hearty. . . . The Church membership has increased about two hundred this year. Our people now outnumber the heathen and Papists. . . . From the number and healthy appearance of the children in Rotumah I judge the population to be on the increase, which is, I fear, a rare thing in the South Seas. The Rotumans, when right in their souls, are likely to go forth as evangelists to other islands in regions beyond. I met my old servant, Kaitu, a Rotuman, who took the Gospel to Nukufetau, one of De Peyster's group, situate near the line. All the people there are *lotu*, through this instrumentality. He had lately come to Rotumah with four Nukufetauans in search of a teacher and books."

He got back safely to Ovalau, and set off the next day to Mbau. Two days after—

"Daniel Afu and Joseph Nokilevu, a Tongan and Fijian, having been faithful during their four years of probation, were ordained. They made a noble

statement. The six missionaries present, with Joel Bulu, ordained by the imposition of hands, and I spoke from the first portion of Scripture read on the occasion. I administered the Sacrament to the newly ordained men, to the missionaries and their wives, who were joined by the king and queen, and their eldest daughter—a very good woman, and a class-leader—and by the wife of a devoted native missionary. It was a time of refreshing."

This last episcopal act of Mr. Calvert in his district was further memorable as the first instance in the mission in which a native missionary had taken part in the act of ordination. It was in all respects fitting that the first in this service should be the saintly and heroic Joel Bulu.

"On Sabbath, the 2nd of July, I preached my farewell sermon at Mbau. On the 4th I went to Rewa, on the 5th to the new station up the river, occupied by Mr. Baker, who, after pioneering and faithful services in other parts, is our 'Missionary to the Interior.'* All were busy at this site on the hill. I trust many heathen will soon hear words of salvation, and that the work of Christ will spread and prosper.

* This able missionary, in the prosecution of his work in the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, was killed and eaten, together with a devoted native teacher who accompanied him,—the only missionary who lost his life by violence in the whole course of this most perilous mission.

"On the 8th I met Mrs. Calvert, quite well, at Kandavu. On Sunday morning I preached in Fijian. In the afternoon, Mr. Nettleton preached in English, in Mr. White's house, to us and the people from the *Wesley*. On the 11th Mrs. Calvert and I went to the Richmond Theological Institution, to pay our last visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton, and to bid farewell to the students. There will be the full number of forty-two this year. In the afternoon I addressed them. We had a gracious visitation from on high. The appearance of the students, and that of their wives and children, was very satisfactory. On Wednesday morning I preached to the teachers and stewards from the various parts of Kandavu. On Thursday morning I found that I had overtaxed my strength, by excitement, want of sleep, and labour; and I felt unfit to administer the Sacrament at dawn of day to the teachers and local preachers previous to our departure. My head was swimming. I had a hot bath, in which I lay for some time, and then washed over with a bucket of cold water. This afforded me perfect relief, as it has done on former occasions. I then joined Mr. White and the two native missionaries, and we administered to one hundred and twenty-seven workers. I gave a short address. We felt it good to be there.

"Before sunrise next morning the sailors were singing merrily at the windlass, and the *Wesley*'s bell

rang for us. We here went through our severest pang in parting. Our wives had a hard struggle, and each of us shed many tears, and offered earnest prayers on behalf of each other. Our best and most faithful servant, who had been with us since our arrival, was with us to the last, and was overpowered with distress. On the 14th of July we left Fiji.

"These have been four happy and busy years. We feel that we did right in coming back for another term of service: and though we are persuaded that it is right for us now to leave, to take charge of our beloved children, who have been treated with extreme kindness by numerous friends during the whole period of our absence from them, yet we have pain and sorrow in parting with brethren and sisters and converts, and the work we love so much."

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Busy Occupation in Australia.—Voyage Home.—Bromley.—Work for Fiji.—For the Bible Society.—Offer for Service in South Africa.—Appointment to Bloemfontein.—Arrival.—Boers and Natives.—Appointed to the Diamond Fields.—New Rush.—The Native Problem.—His Work and its Circumstances.—Removal to the Transvaal.—Potchefstroom.—Return to Kimberley.—Address and Presentation on leaving.—England.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, AND SOUTH AFRICA.

ON leaving Fiji Mr. Calvert spent six months in Australia. As soon as he landed, he found very busy occupation in translation, and in getting work printed in time to be sent down to the Islands by the earliest opportunity. From Sydney he writes: "I think I have hardly ever been so continually on full stretch at hard work as I have been during my stay here. Two sermons and a Sunday School address each Sunday, and several night meetings, and long walks during the week, and the printing. . . . We shall be hard at it right to the last." Much the same sort of occupation went on in Victoria, and afterwards in Adelaide, where he attended the sittings of the Conference.

When on board the *Yatala*, that was to bring him home, he wrote to a friend, giving an account of his doings before starting, and then of the voyage. He describes a ride in burning heat and smothering dust to Kooringa, at the great Burra mines. He took three services on the Sunday, and attended a

Missionary Meeting on the Monday, and collected £20. The next day he travelled twenty-five miles further to Clare, and held another meeting in the Town Hall. He got back to Adelaide in time to attend a meeting to take farewell of the Rev. William Taylor of California, who had been doing a very successful work in the colony. The hearts of the Adelaide people were quite won by Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, and, in a few days afterwards, another meeting assembled to bid them God-speed. A gold watch and chain were presented to Mrs. Calvert, and to him,—

"An emu's egg inkstand, mounted with silver, and elegantly got up in Adelaide by a German, with the figures of a black man and woman, and a bunch of grapes; also an address written on parchment. A large party of friends assembled. Mr. Watsford took the chair. Mr. Dunn spoke very kindly of the encouragement we had given them, and dwelt strongly on my letters to him and to the brethren, and on my labours in Fiji. John Colton, Esq., who presented the watch and inkstand, was pleased to testify to what he and all had felt under my ministrations, and to the impression mother and I had made upon them. Several others spoke, and said that they had never seen the mission work in so clear a light; and they had resolved to attend to it much better than they had done. I had liberty in thanking the

friends, and giving a few words of exhortation, which were well received. The ladies then gave mother a purse containing the overplus of £12, all saying that much more would have been given had they not been so hurried. All was done heartily. We then went to lunch at a friend's house, and several went with us in the train to Port Adelaide—nine miles—and there we parted with them. Others accompanied us in the steamer to the ship.

"Thus ended our eleven weeks in New South Wales, eight weeks in Victoria, and eight weeks in South Australia. I left in exceedingly good health, and my beloved wife was quite well and strong and happy. We have had a very prosperous and happy and hard-working sojourn in the Colonies. While in Adelaide, we received letters from Fiji. The missionaries were astonished at, and most grateful for, the great amount of printing I had accomplished in Sydney, where I had the poor printers at work all night. . . .

"I shall expect that the Mission House will allow me two years for work that is much required, and which no one will ever accomplish while in Fiji. However long I may live, I am quite sure that I shall, in life and death, be happier should I complete a book of New Testament References, and Hunt's 'System of Theology,' towards the expense of which I have £100 in hand. . . . When in England I often felt the need of a clever native; and, without

naming it to any one, to gain the opportunity of consulting natives [in translation work] was one great object in my return to Fiji. And I have been through the New Testament eight times while there. So the Bible Society will not give their money for that which has cost nothing. . . .

"Poor mother has been suffering for two days from bilious headache, under which she was very patient; and she was much sympathised with by the passengers, who greatly missed her. She is now quite well. I seem to enjoy voyaging in these large vessels, as I can write and think and read. . . . At 9.30 A.M. and 8 P.M. we have family prayer, conducted by the Bishop; and he has service twice on the Sabbath. I have family worship forward at 7.30 P.M., with the second class passengers and some of the sailors, and at 9 and 5 on the Sabbath. Last Sunday the Bishop, with many of the first class passengers, came to hear me. I expected to have had some portion of the services in the saloon, but his lordship and the captain wished me to take the other; and I endeavour to carry out my old and valuable principle, to make the best of everything, and quietly and earnestly labour on in the appointed sphere, trusting that God will bless me and make me a blessing." . . .

"*March 22nd.*—On Sunday last I could not hold our 9 A.M. service in the usual place forward on deck in front of the forecastle, where many of the

sailors attended, and others heard. I went to midship, followed by my congregation of second class passengers, who preferred this place. I did not like it so well, as none of the sailors were present. As it rained at the time of our evening service, I proposed to go forward at 7, and preach in the forecastle to the sailors and any who might attend. When I went forward I found a chest well elevated, and neatly covered with white calico, on which was a champagne bottle with a long lighted candle, and a tumbler of water. There was also a sack as a carpet to kneel upon, and the sailors, neatly dressed, were on their chests all round the forecastle. Many of the second class passengers, and some from the saloon, were present, and I very much enjoyed the opportunity of declaring to a most attentive congregation that man 'must be born again.'"

"*March* 23*rd.*—After dinner yesterday, Captain Legoe wished all to fill their glasses, as the Bishop would propose the health and happiness of two of our number. In a neat speech, in which he referred to our history, our mission to Fiji, and to the respect in which all held us, he proposed, 'Mr. and Mrs. Calvert. Many happy returns of the day!' All joined heartily; and I had to return thanks for the very kind remarks which his lordship had made, and express my gratitude to God for the happiness of twenty-eight years of married life, and thankfulness that we had been

permitted to labour successfully so long in Christ's cause abroad, and I suggested that the young people on board should take care to be well married. After my wife and I had been forward to conduct family worship, and when prayer was over in the saloon at 9, we retired to our cabin, and read Rev. xxii., and Hymn 510. And we each poured out our grateful hearts to Almighty God for His distinguished and long-continued goodness to us and to ours; and we prayed that God's choicest blessings might rest upon you all; and that in all our future we might cheerfully and faithfully serve Him. I believe our future will be ordered of the Lord, and if so all will be quite right. Sometimes—though my mind is at rest—I wonder as to our future; and I hope we may not shrink from whatever God may require of us. I have some fears lest I should be induced hereafter to undertake what I shall not be able to accomplish, and thus make a too early and unsatisfactory finish. I will hope and try, however, to avoid this.

"The *Yatala Times* of next morning reported: 'Rev. Mr. Calvert's Wedding Anniversary. On Thursday afternoon the Lord Bishop of Adelaide proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, it being the anniversary of their wedding-day. The reverend gentleman had endeared himself by his noble mission to the Fiji Islands. His work of faith and labour of love deserved the highest praise.

He had preached the Gospel, and taught the science of civilisation, and had done much in correcting the translations made by Wesleyan missionaries, having carefully read several times over with native teachers the Holy Scriptures in the Fijian language. Missionary enterprise is connected with the highest development of human progress. Commerce and civilisation follow the evangelical economy. Such a labourer is received into all communities as a friend to the barbarian; and though he may be taken from his much-loved work, yet his record and reward are on high. The reverend gentleman rose to reply. He thanked his lordship and the company for drinking his health, and said his married life had been happy, having enjoyed each other's confidence. As the servants of Jesus Christ, they had aimed at faithfulness; and had he another life it should be spent in the same glorious cause. So closed the twenty-eighth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert's married life."

"*Cape Town, April 3rd.*—After a very comfortable passage of thirty-nine days, we landed three days ago at this place, where we have much enjoyed our stay under the roof of the mission-house and chapel, all built together in one block by Barnabas Shaw. On Sunday afternoon I addressed all the Sunday School children; and in the evening, to a full congregation, I gave an address on the Fiji mission.

Yesterday we went out by train eight miles to Wynberg, with a thousand children, and, I suppose, a thousand adults, to a Sunday School treat; and a real treat we had."

In the spring of 1866 he settled once more in England, at Bromley, in Kent; and in the following year his name appears as a supernumerary; and so it stood up to the Conference of 1871. This meant that he had no specific pastoral charge; but, in his own practical interpretation of it, it by no means meant a retirement from active work. He was in an important sense—and in a sense which involved much cheerfully rendered labour—agent in England for the Fiji mission and missionaries. It was a rare thing to find him during this period without his hands full of translation, or revision, or publishing work. A great deal of this was done to meet the growing demands of the mission schools, for the use of which he procured various apparatus and appliances. A large portion of his time was spent in frequent travelling throughout Great Britain and Ireland, pleading everywhere on behalf of the mission cause, using the ample stores of his own experience and observation as the most effective of all advocacy.

To the furthering of the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society he gave himself with an

unfailing enthusiasm. In this he was moved, not only by seeing the unanswerable claims which that great Society had upon all the churches, but by a profound sense of gratitude. It had given timely and most generous help again and again to his own beloved Fiji; and he knew, and rejoiced to acknowledge, that the mission there, like other missions all the world over, had become dependent on its aid for its most essential means of progress. So he went up and down the country, regardless of all denominational prejudice, or narrow churchisms, setting up, wherever his frank, hearty presence came, a living centre of evangelical union. Bigotry must indeed have been inveterate if it could withstand the quick warmth of James Calvert's "simplicity and godly sincerity," as he enforced the Christian duty of joining in the work of circulating the Word of God.

After six busy and happy years at Bromley there opened an entirely new, and wholly unexpected, chapter in Mr. Calvert's history. In 1872 a very earnest appeal was made to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee to send out men of administrative experience to reinforce certain Missions in South Africa, and, in particular, in the Orange Free State. It is doubtful whether this appeal would have even come to Mr. Calvert's notice had not his mind and his affections been just then much drawn to Bloemfontein. In 1869 his second daughter had gone

thither for the sake of her health. The news concerning her was not hopeful. She was tended with the most loving care in the home of the Rev. James Scott; but her father and mother had a great longing to be with her, and Mr. Calvert put himself at the disposal of the Committee for service in the Bloemfontein District. Of course his offer was very gladly accepted. Preparations were being hastened to enable them to go out as early as possible after the Conference of 1872, when a letter came from Mr. Scott telling them of their daughter's death. Mr. Calvert was at once set free from his engagement. But he and his devoted wife, having been led to give themselves again to foreign work, refused to draw back, and renewed their offer, with this difference, that they declared themselves ready to go wherever the Committee judged they could be of most service. It was decided that, after all, Mr. Calvert should be sent to Bloemfontein; and the event proved the wisdom of the arrangement. Those who knew him best had seen for some time that the unabated fervour of the old missionary spirit in him was making him restless in his position of comparative retirement. He was in his sixtieth year, and he knew that neither he nor his wife could again stand the work in the South Seas. The opening now made was singular, and altogether unusual. In a climate that would not tax his

strength, there was work waiting, in the doing of which his age, carrying with it ripeness of character, and large experience, would be a chief qualification. Thus it was that, when his many friends —and few men had more—thought that he had settled down to a well-earned rest, he went to Africa.

He crossed the Orange River on December 17th, and reached Bloemfontein on the 20th. The veteran missionaries—for the title belongs as much to Mrs. Calvert as to her husband—with their third daughter, who had accompanied them, thus found themselves in the home whence their beloved one had passed away; and the strange land seemed hardly strange to them as they bowed in the household worship in which she had so often joined. An early visit was paid to the little graveyard in the outskirts of the town; and then, forthwith, to work.

The conditions and circumstances of the work were, of course, all new. In the Free State Mr. Calvert found himself in foreign territory. The government and the language were Dutch. There was a considerable English community of merchants and traders, and an Episcopal and a Wesleyan church. But all besides was Dutch; and, for the first time, he came into contact with the Boer element. It is true he had very little to do with

the Boers; but during his stay among them his long-practised powers of observation helped him to gain valuable knowledge of a people, strikingly peculiar in their modes of thought and habits of life, whose religious opinions and political influence must be understood by any one who would take an active interest in South African affairs. Then almost everywhere were the natives. From his first landing at Cape Town Mr. Calvert had instinctively given his attention to these. They were very different from those other dark people among whom his life had been spent, and his ready command of the musical Fijian tongue did him no service here. From first to last, while in Africa, this bar between him and the native people was a trouble to him. He was too old to begin learning another language. But he lost no opportunity of showing his lively missionary interest in the original sons of the soil, and of warmly urging all young missionaries to lose no time in mastering the native tongues.

His stay at Bloemfontein was very short. At the District Meeting, held in January 1873, he was appointed to superintend the Diamond Fields and New Rush Circuit, where he arrived in the beginning of April. A man who had spent his life in ministering in a highly organised church at home would have found himself much perplexed by the state of

things at the Diamond Fields. That which was to be Kimberley had just come into existence, under the title of New Rush, not growing from small beginnings, as towns usually grow, but made suddenly by a "rush," which, with a magical rapidity, brought twenty thousand people together in one spot. Some years before, diamonds had been found along the banks of the Vaal River, and an almost exclusively male population of ten thousand was drawn together there from many lands. Then, in 1870, the news went round of a new "find" further south, between the Vaal and Modder Rivers, and the "rush" followed immediately which made Kimberley. In a barren, parched desert, there spread out a vast irregular encampment around Dutoitspan and Bultfontein, where a rare building of wood or iron, standing here and there, was a very palace amidst the universal canvas. What were called streets stretched shelterless beneath the burning sun, deep in hot sand and dust. Of water there was but little, and what there was was bad. The common necessaries of life could be got only at fabulous prices. As anything like organised sanitary provisions and precautions was, as yet, out of the question, it naturally followed that the unwholesome conditions of life, often terribly aggravated by reckless drinking, made this new settlement of diggers a hotbed of fever. Everything was almost incredibly dear; but money was plentiful, and was freely

squandered in indulgence of the worst vices of the world's great cities. The population was made up of many nationalities, amongst which the British element was most numerous; while a great deal of the labour was supplied by men of various native tribes, some of them coming from immense distances.

When our mission party came on the ground, the original disorder had already begun to yield to Government control. Respectable merchants had settled with their families in the new town, some from the colonies, and some from other lands. Houses having some claims to be reckoned permanent and comfortable had been built, and churches and schools had been erected. If the community had, to a lamentable extent, the impatient and thoughtless sins of youth, it had also young vitality, and strength, and hope.

Into this busy multitude of eager diamond-seeking, money-making people, Mr. Calvert came, taking up the new work with all the old ardour and devotion. He saw at once that the population was too mixed, and too much wanting, as yet, in cohesion, to be wrought upon in masses, and that, however great the task, his ministry must be very largely addressed to individuals. So forthwith he and Mrs. Calvert became known as genial and welcome visitors in the homes of Kimberley, whether beneath roofs of iron, or canvas, and most frequent and most welcome visitors

where there was sickness and trouble. There are yet people belonging to the old digging community of those days who talk about this kindly, faithful service with affectionate gratitude.

The missionary problem, presented by the condition of the native races as he came into contact with them, caused Mr. Calvert much anxious consideration. When he had been a few months on the ground, he wrote :—

"The native work in this country will, I fear, become more and more difficult. It was a great relief to us in Fiji that we were able to make all speak one language.* Here it is impossible. On these Fields we have natives speaking many languages, not understanding each other at all, and altogether heathen. They are allowed to live here, and go about almost naked. Though, professedly, canteen-keepers are not allowed to sell to the natives, yet very many are drunk. They exist in tents; and how life is kept in them this cold weather, just lying on the ground, is a puzzle. After remaining awhile here, well paid, and some of them, no doubt, stealing diamonds from their employers, they buy

* There were several distinct, but not widely different, dialects in the Group. The missionaries decided to adopt the Mbau dialect ; and the result fully proved the wisdom of this decision.

muskets and ammunition, and then return to their own country, in various directions, and to considerable distances, having learned new vices, as well as how to sort and dig for diamonds. I yearn over them, but seem unable to benefit them. We have native services in the Dutch, Kafir, and Sesuto languages, and have some valuable local preachers working for their employers, and some digging and sorting for themselves in a mound where the diamonds are small and few; and we have some consistent church members among them. Just now, the Kafirs and other natives have purchased a canvas English chapel; and some Dutch-speaking natives from the Cape, who will not worship with the other inferior Africans, have erected a new canvas chapel at their own cost, which I opened free of debt on Sabbath last."

The yearning of which he speaks caused the old missionary some little trouble. The colonials, and other white people around him, found it very difficult to appreciate his feelings in this matter, as he also found it impossible to adjust his missionary instincts to the colonial standard. On one occasion, to save himself a walk of three or four miles, he had told some natives, who were willing to do that which was lawful and right in their domestic relations, to come to the English chapel to be married.

Anxious to come as near as they could to the civilised fashion, they appeared at the appointed time in seven or eight carts, drawn by two horses apiece. Hereupon followed a panic, and it was declared that the white people would not come to worship in the chapel if it came to be known that "niggers" had been married in it. Mr. Calvert hastened to take on himself all the blame of this unintentional outrage upon white Christianity, and said that he would marry the couples in his own house. "Whereupon," he says, "the poor fellows again entered their carts, and drove eighty or one hundred yards to my house, where I married them. I felt humiliated, but patiently submitted and endured."

In a letter to a friend he gives some description of his work and its surroundings.

"Each of us has plenty of very good employment, and a heart to enter into it; and we feel happy in our position and service. The population is very various and large. I have two or three services every Sunday, with good congregations. On Monday night I have a class of hearty members, at which we muster twelve or thirteen regularly. On Tuesday I hold the prayer-meeting, when we have a goodly company. On Thursday night I preach alternately here at the West End and East End. I also go to our chapel at Dutoitspan, not quite three miles

away. . . . Of course our expenses are rather heavy —water, 6*d.* per 30 gallons; water for horse, 3*d.* a day; a cabbage, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; eggs, 4*d.* to 6*d.* each; butter, 3*s.* to 5*s.* a pound. Meat is pretty good and quite reasonable. A small loaf of bread is 1*s.* We have no pence here—nothing less than 3*d.* or 6*d.* That saves trouble. In every place of any size in this country there is a market every morning, and vegetables, eggs, corn, firewood, forage, poultry, etc., sold by auction by the market master."

He stayed nearly two years at Kimberley, having many cheering proofs that his work was successful. The arid climate and the peculiar conditions of life were, as he says, trying.

"But I do not feel it right to hurry away. It is a grand sphere for labour, and we get on remarkably well with our large congregations and with all classes. It is most desirable to do all we can to retain the hold we have upon all ranks, and to maintain the position we have gained."

But, while he was thus willing to remain, new work was being made ready for him elsewhere; and he was directed to go still further North, and to cross the river into the Transvaal. In February, 1875, he arrived at Potchefstroom, where there

awaited him a state of things demanding the utmost prudence, and tact, and firmness. It is not too much to say that there was committed to him the control and piloting of an almost wrecked Church. He very soon proved to those who counselled his appointment that their trust in his sagacity and administrative skill was well grounded. During his residence of about sixteen months in Potchefstroom, he saw peace restored, and the chapel built, which had long stood unfinished. When he and Mrs. Calvert left, the people thankfully acknowledged that their character and their work had been the means of bringing about the well-being of the Church, and had left in their homes lasting memories of grateful love.

The special work for which he went to Potchefstroom having been accomplished, he set out thence, on June 6th, 1876, for the Natal Colony, accompanied for seven miles by a number of friends. Then they all outspanned, and had "a sumptuous breakfast together on the ground." Pietermaritzburg was reached safely in due time. About two years were passed here and at Durban without any incident calling for special record.

Things at Kimberley had not been doing well, and a strong wish was expressed that Mr. Calvert should again take charge there. His own family, of whom there were now several in South Africa,

discouraged the proposal, especially on the ground of Mrs. Calvert's health, which had failed seriously during their residence in the Transvaal. But the claims of the work seemed so urgent that they consented to go. He thus came to the Diamond Fields once more in October 1878, and Mrs. Calvert followed about six weeks later. They were left in no doubt about their welcome, and were received with the warmest affection. They knew the place well, and all the peculiar conditions of the work there. In a very short time the Church was once more healthy and prosperous. It was said that, in those days, no figure was more generally known in Kimberley than that of Mrs. Calvert, riding alone on horseback in all parts of the "camp," in the very early morning, visiting and helping the sick and the poor. In addition to his Circuit affairs, Mr. Calvert had put upon him, for a time, the duties of Acting Chairman of the whole Bloemfontein District.

He loved his work, and was much encouraged by the evidence of success. To the large mixed native population at the Diamond Fields he gave his most earnest and sympathetic attention. He regularly preached to them by means of an interpreter, and procured the building of chapels and schools for their benefit. But, while he had as good heart for the work as ever, he was forced very unwillingly to

acknowledge that his long service was telling upon his strength. In 1879 he wrote :—

"I came here at the risk of my health, and even life, for a short term only, in an extreme and urgent case. I have done my utmost to get things round, and the Lord has prospered my endeavours beyond my utmost hopes, and I am very thankful to Him for His great blessing. Last summer I very nearly failed, and it is increasingly manifest to me and to others that I cannot with any safety undertake the work here another summer."

Mrs. Calvert's health also was greatly impaired, so as to cause him at times much uneasiness. There were difficulties, however, in the providing of a successor, and he stayed on until the close of 1880.

When it became known that he was about to take a final farewell of Kimberley and South Africa, the grateful love of his Church and congregation found expression in a public meeting, at which an address was presented to him and Mrs. Calvert, bearing thankful witness to the value of their work, and accompanied by a purse of two hundred and fifty guineas, to which many of the natives had contributed. Most touching of all was his parting with the native people, many of whom wept like children, asking why "the great fathers across the sea were taking *their* father from them"?

The Triennial Meeting, held at Queenstown, June 1880, made the following record in its General Letter:—

"We affectionately commend to the Committee our honoured and dearly beloved brother, the Rev. James Calvert. South African Methodists will not forget his constant zeal for their welfare, and the ready self-denial with which he consented to defer his return to England, that he might serve them in a time of perplexity and need. His resumption of the work at the Diamond Fields, and his valuable service there, have further endeared him to his own brethren; and his now completed missionary career will long be treasured in the grateful memory of the Methodist people at large."

He once more returned to England in April 1881.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LATER YEARS

Torquay.—Death of Mrs. Calvert.—Should Missionaries be Married?—Penjerrick.—Croydon.—Gift to the Mission Fund.—Fijian Jubilee.—Bible Pictures.—Last Voyage to Fiji.—Journal.—Tonga.—Fiji.—New Zealand.—San Francisco.—Across America.—New York.—Home.—Speech at City Road Chapel.—Sevenoaks.—Missionary Conference of 1888.—Marriage.—Hastings.—Bible Society.—Work for Fiji.—Conference at Nottingham.—Temperance.—Failing Health.—Services in Hastings.—Last Public Act.—Last Letter.—Last Scripture Reading.—Last Illness.—Funeral Service.—Testimony of the Rev. John Walton.—A Portraiture.—Memorial Sketch by the Rev. William Arthur.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LATER YEARS.

ONCE more at home, although much shaken in health, Mr. Calvert cheerfully responded, as far as his strength would permit, and sometimes beyond his strength, to the many appeals that were made to him for help as a missionary advocate. Within a few days of his arrival he received an enthusiastic welcome at the annual meetings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. At one of these he told of what he had seen in South Africa, and insisted strongly on the need of a much larger employment of native workers in all our missions. In this speech he gave the first public hint that, old as he was, there was still an irrepressible longing in his heart to see his beloved Fiji once more. The following declaration, made in speaking of the work of the Rev. Peter Hargreaves, who also had recently returned from South Africa, and was present at the meeting, will be recognised by all who knew the speaker as very characteristic.

"The cheapest and best way of really and per-

manently benefiting men is to Christianise and save them from sin, and from the evils and lusts which produce wars and calamities. Christ made no mistake when He died to save our race, and required His Gospel to be preached to every creature. Men like our brother do much more to prevent war, and keep the people industrious and right, than large and costly armies."

For the next few months his journal is little more than an itinerary, merely giving the names of places all over the country visited in his frequent journeyings, until September, when, as far as it was then possible for him to settle anywhere, he settled down at Torquay. This place had been chosen on account of Mrs. Calvert's health, which, after many years of remarkable vigour, was now quite broken. She who had spent her life, with lavish liberality, in ministering to others, must now rest passive in the hands of those who tended her with reverent love, and mourned as they saw that the old power of recovery was gone, and that she steadily grew weaker almost day by day. So the months passed, and the new year had but just come in, when James Calvert was left without the companionship which, for nearly forty-four years, had enriched and strengthened his life, and lightened, in sharing, all his toil.

Mrs. Calvert was an ideal missionary's wife; one

of a host of noble women who have done service, often unrecorded, but beyond all price, in the work of the Gospel among the heathen. Passing it by altogether as a question of ecclesiastical dogma, the employment of a celibate clergy in mission work has much to recommend it on economical grounds, though, probably, not so much as at first appears. In the case of married missionaries the risk of life and health is doubled, perhaps more than doubled, as the woman's health is more likely to fail, in the frequent conditions of mission life, than that of the man. Thus it has very often come to pass that his active service abroad has been interrupted in consequence of her sickness, just when that service was most effective. The number of such cases can be exactly counted. But we have no means of reckoning the far greater number of men whose service has not only been prolonged, but made far more efficient, by the refuge of a home, and the solace and strengthening of a loving fellowship. No one can rightly appreciate this help who has not felt the terrible loneliness of living amongst people with whom, not only religiously, but socially and mentally, there are scarcely any points of common experience, and where, in regard to the supreme and intensely felt interest of his life, he finds no sympathy at all. In the buoyancy of the first youthful period of the work, this depressing and enervating influence can be more

readily surmounted than in the after years, when there is but little reserve of surplus spirit beyond the demands of the daily toil. But there is a yet more positive reason why the man who is a missionary should avail himself of God's own provident order, and seek a help who shall be meet for him in his high calling. In all the many things intimately belonging to the woman-life, she becomes a teaching priestess of the kingdom of God. Take the mere fact of the setting up of a Christian home in one of those Fijian islands—a complete home, with no domestic feature wanting, though many a domestic comfort might not be there. What an effective revelation of the Christian religion, showing, better than any word-teaching, what family life ought to be, in its loves and cares, in its duties and relations, and what it can be under the benignant influence of the Gospel. In all this most essential part of the teaching of applied Christian truth Mrs. Calvert greatly excelled; and her self-devoted toil therein added very greatly indeed to the efficiency and success of her husband's work; while her clear good sense in counsel had been a strength to him throughout his course. And now the long, close, faithful fellowship in the service of the Gospel had come to an end.

In the early part of this year he was taken very ill at Plymouth, while on his way to Penjerrick with his daughter; but a week's rest in that restful and most

beautiful home, and the kind care of its mistress, whom he very highly esteemed, did him great good. To Miss Fox, as well as to many other members of the Society of Friends, he was closely attached; and the *Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox* was a book in which he greatly delighted, and which he presented to many of his friends. Miss Fox, in writing about him, speaks of "his beaming, happy presence, which was so remarkable a part of himself, and such an invitation to the Christian life." From the old Woodbridge days onwards some of his most valued friendships were formed amongst the Quakers.

He now removed to Croydon, where he lived for four years, taking part, with characteristic energy and liberality, in all Church-work, and, as elsewhere, gaining the lasting love of many.

During the Missionary Anniversary in the spring following Mrs. Calvert's death, there took place, as the official report says, "one of the most memorable meetings ever held in Methodism"; and those who were present will not consider this to be an exaggerated description. The debt of the Missionary Society had grown to a very large amount; but a grant from the Thanksgiving Fund, and some munificent special donations, had reduced it to £8,000. At the Breakfast Meeting on April 29th, it was proposed that an attempt should be made then and there to meet half of this balance. The proposal was taken up very

warmly, and the £4,000 were promised on the spot. In the course of the meeting, Mr. Calvert referred in a very few words to his recent work in South Africa, and told how, on his leaving Kimberley, the people had presented to him an address, which he should always keep; but they had also given him a purse of 250 guineas; and he now begged to hand over that amount, in memory of his late beloved wife, to the funds of the Society, in aid of the effort then being made.

During the next three years he was busily occupied in much travelling as a witness and advocate on behalf of the missionary cause, and of the Bible Society. This brought him into many homes, where he was a welcome guest, and formed many close friendships, which he greatly prized, with Christians of all Churches. Whatever else he did, his one chief and constant occupation was in the service of his beloved Fiji. He was never happier than when superintending publications, executing commissions, and sending out supplies for the use of the mission there. And all this time, and long before, there was the strong desire in his heart to see Fiji once more. Mrs. Calvert had opposed it. It was impossible for her to go with him, and she dreaded his taking so formidable a journey alone. Before her death, however, seeing how he hungered to go, she withdrew her opposition, "whenever the way

should be clear." The meaning of that condition he did not see at the time. Her death interpreted it. But after the great loss his health was in a very unsatisfactory state; and for a time his cherished project seemed to be hopelessly put aside, for he believed that his own end was near. He was now living in Croydon. By the end of 1885, however, he had recovered much of his strength and energy.

This year was the fiftieth since the coming of the first missionaries to Fiji, and a great Jubilee celebration took place in the Islands accordingly. It need not be said that Mr. Calvert took the most lively interest herein. There had been a very strong desire expressed for a large illustrated edition of the Bible in the native tongue; but this great undertaking was found to be impracticable. The Religious Tract Society had published a quarto volume of Bible pictures for the young. Mr. Calvert, seeing that this would be the next best thing, applied to the Committee of the Society, and met with a ready and generous response. They put the whole of the one hundred and thirty-seven blocks at his disposal, and, in addition, gave £50 towards the cost of publishing a Fijian edition. This he set to work, with great delight, to prepare. All the Scripture quotations were given in Fijian; and an edition of six thousand copies was published, under the name *Ai Vakatakarakara ni Veika e nai Vola Tabu*, literally

Pictures of Things in the Bible. It gave immense delight, and was eagerly sought after. This was the old missionary's preface, done into English.

"To you my Friends:—I rejoice that fifty years are nearly ended from the time that Christianity began in Fiji. And I am glad that you intend to commemorate that great event with rejoicing and with gratitude to God. With you I am greatly delighted on account of the great work of the Lord that has been effected in all the islands of Fiji, on behalf of the numbers who have been saved, and have gained the Rest, and abide with Jesus; and also on account of the very many who now live spiritually, and are earnestly following the Holy Book. And, moreover, I exult greatly, and am heartily thankful that great numbers help well in the work of the Lord in Fiji, and in other lands. The fruit of Christianity in Fiji is remarkably clear. Had it been easy I would have come to you, that we might have been gladdened together at the Jubilee, yours and mine, which will come to pass on October 11th, 1885, that you and I might have celebrated together the landing at Lakemba of the first two missionaries on that day in the year 1835. But as I cannot easily manage to come to you, I have prepared this book, that it may be my substitute. I am persuaded you will like it, and also that it will be useful to

you. I pray that Christianity may continue to prosper well in all Fiji, in every age; and that you and I may sit down hereafter in the good land above, with all the saved from all the world. Amen. My love to you all."

Mr. Calvert here speaks of his visiting Fiji again as too difficult for him to accomplish; but the longing for it was so strong that it could not be mastered. The idea which had been almost constantly before him for some years, he now, in 1886, determined to carry out at his own cost. His family and many friends might well have grave misgivings at the thought of a man of seventy-three undertaking a journey round the world alone; but, in his bright, cheery way, he put aside their fears, and set about his preparations for the voyage with the alacrity of youth.

On May 20th, 1886, he started on board the P. & O. steamer *Ballarat*. His journal shows a very lively interest in all the incidents of the voyage. Formerly he had gone by a sailing vessel round the Cape. Now all was new to him. From the captain, who was a devout Christian man, he received great kindness, and by his request conducted worship, morning and evening, on the Sundays. He read a good deal on the voyage, and before he reached Fiji went through the whole of the newly Revised English

Bible. On the Red Sea he gave a lecture, probably on Fiji, "which," he says, "went off well." The unique character of this visitation tour gives it so peculiar an interest, that the copious extracts from the journal given below will certainly be welcome.

"*June 7th.*—Still in the Red Sea, but freed from the severe oppression which many have to endure. The captain kindly offered to read the Lesson at the service yesterday morning. At five, I held our short service, reading one Lesson, and giving a short address, occupying altogether forty minutes. A prolonged service on board ship is always objectionable, and it could not be endured in this climate. The captain had compassion on me after the morning service, and dressed me up in one of his white jackets. This was a great relief."

"*8th.*—Aden we pass, and run on to Colombo. To-morrow the monsoon is expected to be on us. . . . This route through the Red Sea keeps us long in the tropics, and is trying; but I stand it remarkably well. The most gorgeous sunset I ever remember seeing—a token that we shall soon have the monsoon."

"*10th.*—During the night strong winds came up. The portholes all closed. The thermometer improved, from 92° to 81°. . . . After we passed the Island of Sokotra the waves increased. Throughout the day we have had a pleasant breeze, saving us

from the oppressive heat. I have kept quite well; no touch of sea-sickness. And I have had the privilege of waiting upon some sufferers, who are most grateful for little attentions. All wonder to see me so brisk. Still I judged it prudent not to stick too closely to reading and writing."

"11*th.*—A very blessed Sabbath yesterday. Services enjoyable at 10.30 and 5 o'clock. Lady —— has read some books I lent her; but she has a taste for novels. That destroys, or at least deadens, the taste for good books. She has a great difficulty in herself. How sad that those who are enlightened by the Word and Spirit of God, and have good desires and purposes, do not fully decide for God! 'Ye *cannot* serve God and mammon.' The captain is a practical Christian, and a Yorkshireman. He is specially delighted with Arthur's *Tongue of Fire.*"

"16*th.*—After a rough and rainy night we anchored at Colombo early yesterday morning. After breakfast I landed and went to Colpetty, to the Rev. J. Scott's. At his house I slept. We visited the schools, Wesley College in Colombo, a girls' boarding school in Colpetty, and day school, the Bible and Tract Depôt, of which Mr. Scott is secretary, his large printing office, where he prints the Bible for the Bible Society and books for the Tract Society, and his schools. He also casts type, and

takes stereotype plates. He sent out announcements for a service for me in the evening, and we had a good congregation, who gave me full attention. This morning, after a second breakfast at 10 o'clock, I went with Miss Fredoux, Dr. Moffatt's granddaughter, to her school in Colombo, for which she came here six months ago, and I addressed her hundred most clean and very lively girls."

"19*th*.—This morning we crossed the Line, and are now ploughing on our way through the mighty deep in the southern hemisphere, towards Albany, King George's Sound, where we hope to be on the 28th. A clergyman came on board at Colombo. I desired the captain to ask him to take both services to-morrow. All wish me to continue my short service with address in the evening. . . . I have reached the southern world without the least trouble from sea-sickness, which is a terrible distress to many. And no headache, and no pain of any kind in any part; uninterrupted health, and happy. Truly the blessing of the Lord and His smile make rich, and add no sorrow. Every day at 6 A.M. I much enjoy my bath. . . . I have my choice of the baths, as I am generally first."

"21*st*.—Our shortest day; your longest. Sun rises at 6.50."

"25*th*.—We have had it rough for two days. Yesterday, in a sudden lurch of the ship, I was

whirled round, and fell with all my weight upon the rail, across my shoulders. It startled and shook me. Had the blow been elsewhere I might have been fatally damaged. We are now nearly out of the tropics, and it is winter, and will soon be somewhat cold. Already warmer clothing is in demand, and we are thankful for blankets."

"*29th.*—Anchored at Albany, a small town at King George's Sound, Western Australia. Our minister and his wife, at this dull place, rejoiced to see me. We prayed together. He thanked God heartily for my visit, and prayed earnestly that He would bless, preserve, and prosper me. It was good to be with Mr. and Mrs. James, though for a short time."

"*July 3rd.*—At 6.40 A.M. we anchored at Glenelg, Adelaide. Met Mrs. Hambly, John Hunt's daughter, Chief Justice S. J. Way, the Hon. John Dunn, and many of our ministers. Our passengers marvelled at the greetings offered me by the many who met me, and I very much enjoyed sweet intercourse—sadly too short—with men and women I became acquainted with twenty years ago, on whose hearts and minds my excellent wife left a lasting and deep impression.

"Adelaide I found to be quite another place, wonderfully improved since my former visit. The suburbs, to which they drove me, are admirable. Our

Prince Alfred College, with four hundred pupils, I was delighted to see."

"*5th.*—Melbourne. We anchored here at 1 o'clock this morning. After breakfast I went on shore, and met my old friend, John Watsford, formerly my colleague in Fiji,—a very hearty and successful missionary and minister. Here I met the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, from Fiji, come to meet his wife, who has come, with her children and mother, in the *Ballarat*. He tells me that twenty-five thousand tons of sugar have been made in Fiji, and that twenty-five thousand bunches of bananas are sent per month from Fiji to the Colonies."

"*7th.*—Left Melbourne at 7 A.M., having enjoyed very much indeed my two days' stay. Brother Watsford gave all his time to me, and, without grudging, took me wherever I desired. I thus found out nearly all my old friends of twenty-one and thirty-one years ago, when I formerly visited the colony. All gave me a most hearty welcome, every one amazed to find me 'hardly changed at all' since they last saw me; and all desired God's blessing on my visit."

"*9th.*—Sydney. At 8 A.M. we arrived here, on the fiftieth day from England. I was met on board by the son of the Rev. J. B. Waterhouse, and by the Rev. Dr. Kelynack, who took me to his house on the North shore. My point was to see as many of my

friends as I could. So I started off with a young man as my guide, and we accomplished wonders. I met two Fijian missionaries, the Rev. W. Moore, an early labourer, and the Rev. A. J. Webb, who has just completed eighteen years' service."

"10*th.*—Left Sydney at 11 A.M. bound for Naumea, New Caledonia, 1,060 miles distant. We found Naumea illuminated, and a ball and dancing all night at Government House, and on the Green by the natives, closing up a four days' festival."

"15*th.*—Now in south latitude 22°; quite in the tropics, but happily in midwinter, if winter can be found in the tropics."

"19*th.*—We sighted Mount Washington, Na Buke Levu, a noted mountain in Kandavu, Fiji, at 5 o'clock this morning. It is 2,750 feet high. The moon shone brightly. My heart was deeply moved as I thought over, with gratitude, and wonder, and joy, God's dealings with me during the many years since I landed at Lakemba in 1838.

"At 11.30 we were at Suva, the seat of government, a waste place when I was in Fiji, now quite a large town, with steamers, and vessels, and small craft at anchor.* This is the sixtieth day since I left London. In 1838 I was nearly eight months between London and Fiji. I was glad to hear that

* The cession of Fiji to Great Britain took place in 1879.

Mr. Langham, from Mbau, was actually at Suva. On landing, I started off in search of him. He was not expecting me for a fortnight. As I went up a street he observed me with another, but concluded that it was a man much too young for me, and so let me pass by. He was overjoyed to meet me, and gave me the heartiest welcome. Here I met the Rev. E. E. Crosby from Tonga.

"The small steamer *Suva* starts to-morrow for Tonga. Both Mr. Langham and I think I had better go in her now to Tonga with Mr. Crosby. So to-morrow night we start. She will be back here in a fortnight, but I in six or ten weeks, as I may find it desirable to remain.

"The acting Governor, the Hon. J. B. Thurston, on hearing of my arrival, sent his private secretary, desiring me to take up my abode at Government House during my stay. After dinner the Governor sent for some trustworthy natives and teachers, who knew me. I had a most enjoyable chat with them about old times and old friends."

"20*th*.—At 11 P.M. we left in the *Suva*."

"21*st*.—At 7 A.M. we came alongside the pier at Levuka, Ovalau. Here I had resided four years (see p. 185). The new missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Worrall, gave me an enthusiastic reception. We enjoyed a hearty breakfast, after which I had a most refreshing bath in a very large wooden bowl,

about seven feet by three and a half, which I sent to Mr. and Mrs. Binner about forty years ago. Left Levuka at 11 P.M."

"22*nd*.—Vuna at 9.15 A.M. We were hardly two hours on shore, but we got the thirty teachers together, and I addressed them. All came neatly dressed, and were very attentive."

"23*rd*.—Anchored at Lomaloma, Vanua Balavu, at 12.45. The Rev. J. Chapman has the very same Circuit—the head of which was then Lakemba, eighty miles to windward, where I resided—in which I spent the first ten years of my missionary life. He rejoiced to tell me of numerous conversions in this large Circuit of about forty islands, and I was gladdened by hearing of them. No one makes anything out in religion without a real reformation in condition, heart, and life. Children and young people require this thorough change as much as their forefathers needed it; and they must have it as the groundwork of right practice."

"26*th*.—Reached Nukualofa, Tonga Tabu."

It would take too long to tell here the history of the rending of the Church in Tonga; and perhaps the time has hardly yet come when the whole course of events, which wrought woful damage in one of the fairest fields of Christian enterprise, can be perfectly understood and faithfully recorded. That two

churches should have been set up instead of one, in the same group, was a result to be lamented; but the bitterness of strife and the persecuting violence which attended the division were beyond measure deplorable. This unhappy state of things had made Mr. Calvert the more anxious to visit the South Seas. The relation of his own mission to that in the Friendly Islands had always been very intimate, and he enjoyed, and greatly valued, the friendship of the Tongan king. Being well known by both parties, and having never committed himself to the position of either, he cherished a kindly hope that he might be able to mediate between them. After he had been a week on the ground, he wrote:—

"Matters here are extremely bad, and seriously difficult. The separation is a fully accomplished fact. The rent is very great and wide; party spirit runs high. Still the Lord reigneth; and I trust, by His blessing, that I shall be of service in some ways. . . . In this very trying position the Lord strengthens and blesses me. I trust Him, and cast my care upon Him, and pray for His guidance and prospering blessing. I am very grateful for His presence, and for the openings for useful intercourse He gives me with persons of varied views. But, alas! both sides seem determined to have and pursue their own way.

I do my utmost in trying to prevail upon them to act with moderation."

Later on he writes :—

"Were I a younger man, I should consider seriously whether there was not a call here for me; but I am quite sure that, at my age, I ought not to undertake a task like this."

This was no mere cheap sentiment. Conversations with him both before and after his voyage proved how this idea had got hold of him, and how warmly he desired the opportunity, at the cost of any self-sacrifice, of at least mitigating the evils which had come to pass. After spending exactly a month in the Islands he left, on August 26th, to complete his visit to Fiji.

"Here I close my visit to Tonga, to which I came with a single purpose of trying to do good. While here I have been very fully employed, and have had much that was not pleasant. I have mixed freely with all, and tried hard to bring about good-will, freedom, and love. All have shown me respect; and kindness I have had from many."

It was with a sense of most welcome relief that he turned his face once more to the peaceful scenes of his own beloved Fiji, which he reached two days later, going on to Ovalau, where he passed a very

busy and happy week at Levuka. He found here a letter awaiting him from the acting Governor, who had been obliged to go to Samoa. The Colonial Secretary was deputed by him to further Mr. Calvert's plans in every way, and the small Government steamer was coaled and got ready for his use.

"*September 5th.*—After I had engaged to preach twice in English, the natives and half-castes appealed to me not to neglect them; and I felt compelled to meet them for a short service at Levuka at 9 A.M., and at Vangandathi at 4 P.M. At 11 and 7 o'clock I preached in the excellent stone chapel to a very good and full congregation in English. After the evening service I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After all was over I was not at all weary. I very much enjoyed the services, and all were kind and hearty."

"*9th.*—Went to Moturiki, landing where the attack was made upon me in 1854. Had school feasts, and examinations; and slept."

From the beach where he passed through deadly peril in 1854 he gathered twelve small shells as a memorial. On the next day he went to Mbau, and saw much to delight him, though his old friend Thakombau was no more. In the old dark days he had, by his intercession, gained from the king the life of a widow, named Bongithewa, who was about

to be strangled at the death of her husband, a Mbau chief. It was the first life he had thus rescued; and now he had the joy of meeting the widow once more, and found that, for many years, she had fulfilled a good and useful Christian course. He crossed over to Viwa, where the mission press was still placed, as he wanted a paper he had written about Tonga to be printed.

"I helped Mr. Small to set up my paper on the Friendly Islands. I wondered that I took so readily to picking up the type. By both sticking close to work we got through."

"26*th*.—Navuloa. The prayer-meeting at 7 o'clock. At 9.30 I preached to the students from Acts xvi. 9, 10, and felt very happy in my work—quite at home—deeming it a great privilege and gracious opportunity to address so many who were likely to take a prominent part in God's work in Fiji in the future. In the afternoon Mr. Lindsay preached. In the evening we had a prayer-meeting, and I conducted a Sacramental service, and gave an address to the students and others who were present. I was moved by the prayer of the native minister, who thanked God that they, who had heard of me from their fathers, with whom I had lived and laboured, were now surprised and delighted to see me. He went on praying, beseeching the Lord to have a watchful eye and

care over me in the future. I greatly enjoyed my three days' visit to this grand training institution."

"27*th.*—Mr. Lindsay took me over to Viwa in his boat. Here I resided from 1848 to 1855—seven years. Here John Hunt, John Polglase, and Joel Bulu are buried. The printing plant is excellent, and was given by the Tomblesons, of Barton-on-Humber, at my request."

"30*th.*—Left Suva at midnight in the *Arawata.*"

"*October* 2*nd.*—Saturday. We are now five hundred miles from Fiji, where I have been thirty-eight days. All the time I was fully employed, and equal to all the demands made upon me. I am very thankful to the Lord for all the help and gracious influences granted me. I have been much gratified in finding how great and how real God's work has been and is throughout Fiji; and I have good reason to believe that my visit will, by God's blessing, be of service in various ways. By remaining longer, and risking the hot months, I do not see that I could do much more."

"3*rd.*—Sunday. I rose early, and found it profitable. The Bishop of Nelson had to keep his bed most of the day. I took the service, by his request, at 11 o'clock, on deck. We could not have any singing. I read the 103rd Psalm, prayed, and preached, and was very happy in the service. The Bishop thanked me much, he having heard all down below."

"6*th*.—Auckland, New Zealand. After a smooth run from Russell, where we called yesterday, and where Bishop Suter and I spent a pleasant day with a dear old lady, Mrs. Ford, a widow of my own age, who ministers comfort to many of all denominations. Mr. Philip H. Mason met me on board at 7.30 A.M., and took me over in a little steamer to his new house at Devonport. With them I am to abide until the 12th, when we leave for Honolulu. Immediately on my arrival I had a visit from a young minister from the principal chapel in Auckland, to engage me to speak or lecture on Monday night. Soon after breakfast I had a minister from each of the two other Circuits, asking for a service each on Sunday."

"7*th*.—To-day I was driven out to Three Kings, about three miles, where the Rev. Alexander Reed has twelve New Zealanders and five young Englishmen in training for our work. The Lord blessed me greatly while addressing first the English, and then the natives, and in prayer with all together.

"I went to the top of Mount Eden, and had an extensive and splendid view all around, which much surprised me. . . . Spoke at the Home Missionary Meeting at Devonport."

"10*th*.—Preached in the morning at Devonport, and in the evening at Grafton Road. The congregations were good, and the Lord blessed us. After the

evening service I called in at a large theatre, where special services are held by clergymen and others, and said a few words on my way back to Devonport."

"11*th*.—Went to the weekly meeting of ministers in the vestry of Spurgeon's Tabernacle. He showed me over the splendid structure, where he has a very large congregation. At 7.30 we had a Missionary Meeting in King Street Chapel, where we had a good company. I spoke for an hour. During the day I had a very kind letter from my fellow-passenger, the Bishop of Nelson, dated from the 'Scene of the Eruption.' He is a most amiable man, and we got on remarkably well together. My six days in Auckland were most enjoyable. All were exceedingly kind to me. At the ministers' meeting all were most affectionate, and listened well to a few words which I said at their request. They prayed very earnestly for me on my voyage, and also in the hereafter."

"12*th*.—Left Auckland in the *Mariposa* at 5 P.M."

"13*th*.—Crossed the meridian of Greenwich, and, in order to keep our week and Sabbath right, we had to have two Wednesdays—eight days in the week. The mail steamer which we meet between Auckland and Samoa has to lose a day, and have only six days in the week. One man who came on board at Samoa, having crossed and recrossed the meridian, had four Sabbaths in nine days."

"17*th*.—I had a good congregation at 8 P.M. The

Lord greatly blessed and helped me to deliver His saving truth in a straightforward and honest way; for which I had hearty thanks and pleasant looks."

"23*rd*.—At 10.30 this forenoon we were alongside the wharf at Honolulu, 3,833 miles from Auckland. We left again at 6.30 for San Francisco, 2,092 miles further."

"30*th*.—San Francisco at 9 A.M. Seven days from Honolulu. The Custom House officer said I had an honest face, and he was very lenient, and passed my things very easily. I soon found the Methodist Book Room, and the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, with whom I had a good chat; and then went to see something of this immense city."

"31*st*.—I heard two sermons from the Rev. Dr. Izer, and assisted him with the communion after the morning service. He offered me his pulpit for the evening, but I judged he was himself specially prepared, and had been announced. I found my notion was correct, when I heard him at night. In the afternoon I heard General Howard—who lost his right arm in the war—at the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a fine gathering. I was asked to lead in prayer; and was constrained afterwards to speak for a few minutes, and had a very good hearing."

"*November* 1*st*.—Rose quite refreshed at 6, very grateful for my rest of yesterday, and for the past night. At 7.15, just off to breakfast, and to prepare

for my long journey of 3,461 miles, such as I never had before, and never shall have again."

The notes of the great railway journey record experiences that have been frequently described by others. He says, after his first night in a sleeping-car, that he was tossed about as much as at sea, and did not sleep well. He is astonished at the immense "ferry boat," which takes the whole train across to Benicia. He sees the sights of Salt Lake City; unexpectedly finds there people with whom he has links of acquaintance; and delights most of all in taking part in a Methodist prayer-meeting. He is surprised and thankful that he has accomplished one-third of the journey without suffering from the cold. The grand scenery over Marshall Pass, and afterwards, rouses him to admiring enthusiasm. He rejoices greatly at Denver "to be at the end of the narrow, shaky gauge, which robbed me of one night's sleep—though I had to pay 16s. a night for the accommodation." He wakes in time to see the crossing of the Mississippi, and on the afternoon of Sunday, November 7th, reaches Chicago.

"Before reaching Chicago, a few of us in the car met. I read Romans xii. We sang, 'Take the Name of Jesus with you,' and about a dozen other hymns, among them 'The Sweet By-and-by,' which reminded me of our singing it, with my good wife,

in the Transvaal plains, as we left Potchefstroom in 1880.

"Arrived at the Grand Pacific Hotel at 3.30. Went in search of a Methodist Episcopal church. Soon found the Rev. Dr. Bolton in his study at the church. At 6 went to a prayer-meeting there; and at 6.30 Dr. Bolton addressed young men on *Purpose:* —'Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.' After the service, at Dr. Bolton's request, many testified as to their *purpose*—I among the rest."

Having met the ministers at their weekly meeting on the Monday morning, he went on to Niagara, where he "spent eight hours among those extraordinary Falls, going over the bridge into Canada, and back, and left for New York at 3.10."

Soon after reaching New York, he sought out Dr. McCabe, drawn to him by his enthusiasm in the office of Junior Secretary of Missions. Of course, Mr. Calvert was at once requested to tell about the Fiji mission, and found, when he had done, that all he had said had been reported by "the three young lady clerks." Dr. McCabe pressed him to remain six months in America, to take part in missionary conventions and meetings. This was impossible; but he consented to attend a

convention then being held at Waterbury, and then to join Dr. McCabe in meetings, which would have taken him through Boston, and afterwards to Washington. He took part in several meetings at Waterbury; and the minister there strongly importuned him to remain over the Sunday to help him in his work. It was a very great disappointment to Mr. Calvert to be deprived of his only chance of seeing Boston and Washington; but as Dr. McCabe set him free from his engagements, he yielded, and preached on the Sunday morning, and gave a missionary address in the evening. The next morning he visited the great watch-making works, and returned to New York, where he was very happy in the hospitable home of Mr. Anderson Fowler, the son-in-law of the Rev. William Arthur.

"I enjoyed some services in New York, and interviews with editors, and learned doctors, and bishops, and laymen, and women who labour in the Gospel. It was delightful to stay a few days in the great city."

On Saturday, November 20th, he left on the voyage home, and landed at Liverpool on the 28th, just one hundred and eighty-four days since he started from London. Out of this time he had spent a month in Tonga, nearly six weeks in Fiji, and ten days in New York. The rest of the time was

occupied in almost continuous travel, entirely round the world. Surely a wonderful achievement for a man in his seventy-fourth year.

On his return his services were in great request, and he was soon actively employed again, being eagerly welcomed everywhere on Missionary and Bible Society platforms. When the Missionary Anniversary was held in the following May his presence was a marked feature; and at the adjourned meeting, in City Road Chapel, he gave an account of the condition of his beloved Fiji, as he had lately seen it, and of the results of the work in which, almost from its very beginning, he had taken a large part. It is interesting to note how the troubles and the dangers of the early days of that wonderful history are, now that he thus scans the whole, lost in the brightness of present success. The speech is eminently characteristic.

"I am deeply grateful to Almighty God for having guided me to foreign mission service, and especially that He sent me to Fiji, and for the help and blessing and success He has granted to us.

"We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and all along, even to the present time, and He has ever confirmed His word with signs following. Multitudes have been in the past—and, thank God, still are now—convinced of sin by the Word and Spirit of God. They bitterly

repented of their misdoings and transgressions, sought mercy and forgiveness with all earnestness and perseverance; and when they were saved by grace, through faith in Jesus, many were remarkably clear in their enjoyment of the Divine favour, and rejoiced greatly in their Saviour and Lord. These converts were whole-hearted, and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and known by all. It is a grand thing anywhere to have persons pardoned, renewed, sanctified, made new creatures in Christ Jesus; old things passed away, and all things become new! This personal Christian experience told amazingly upon the dark and simple-minded Fijians—and it tells everywhere—and many felt convinced that the religion of Christ was a real power and excellence, and greatly to be desired.

"And as soon as any were converted, and gained spiritual life in their souls, they were very earnest in prayer and direct effort for the salvation of others. Baptised with the Holy Spirit, they at once began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. We had several extensive and blessed revivals, such as have been in many parts of the world since the Spirit was poured out on the day of Pentecost. These showers of blessing told much upon our work. And a grand work of God, exceeding the utmost hopes of

the most sanguine, has been wrought upon that long-neglected and deeply degraded cannibal race. This work is so real, deep, abiding, and continued, that those who witness it cannot gainsay the good done, but cheerfully and heartily confess that God has really done great things. Miss Gordon-Cummings, a member of the Church of England, resided two years in Fiji, and thoroughly examined the work. She gives the strongest testimony in favour of the Mission. And Baron de Hubner, a German scientist and Roman Catholic, who has been three times round the world with his eyes open, and very observant, said a marvellous change had been wrought, which no honest man could deny; and he reverently ascribed the blessed work on the hearts and lives of multitudes to the work of the Holy Spirit alone.

"The glorious Gospel of the blessed God, proclaimed in a straightforward and earnest way, has done its old work. The Spirit accompanied the truth with His convincing and saving power, and the results on a grand scale are extraordinary. Abominable and degrading superstitions are removed. Tens of thousands of saved Fijians are now with their Saviour, numbered with John Hunt, Richard Burdsall Lyth, Joeli Bulu the Tongan, my good wife, and all God's saints in glory everlasting. Some of these bore well fierce persecutions, severe trials, the loss of all things, and martyrdom. Now

marriage is sacred, the Sabbath sacredly kept, family worship regularly conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual Churches formed and prosperous.

"The language has been reduced to written form, and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. An excellent grammar and dictionaries have been printed—one edition at the mission press in Fiji, and one in England. Two editions of the New Testament, and part of the Old, with innumerable portions of the Scriptures, were also printed in Fiji; and 8,050 copies of the Bible, in two editions, and over 50,000 of the New Testament, have been printed and bound by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and these have been supplied to, and purchased by, the converts. Immense numbers of Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, a large edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and three editions of an invaluable *System of Christian Theology*, prepared by the eminent John Hunt, when his mind and heart were in their ripest condition, and his knowledge of the language was well matured, have been, and are, widely circulated, and very profitably used.

"From the beginning, God gave just the right stamp of men, with the needed qualifications, to commence and carry on the work. A printer, doctor, teacher, builder, translator, a man specially qualified to prepare an admirable grammar and

dictionaries—all hard-working men, who stuck to it all day long and every day wherever they were. It was their meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent them. They adapted themselves to the climate, and to the utter degradation and abominations which prevailed everywhere; and all cheerfully roughed it. The work from the beginning has been mainly done by native teachers and preachers, of whom there are now 2,958.

"After an absence of twenty-one years, I have just had the opportunity and privilege of a visit to the place where the best years of my life were spent. Commerce I found sadly depressed, and the manufacture of sugar not remunerative; and I was sorry to learn that, beyond the somewhat heavy taxes, the chiefs, who occupy positions under the English Government, are still allowed to exact food, and money, and property from the people. But my heart was greatly gladdened by the excellent state of God's work throughout the Group. I rejoiced to find that, in one Circuit, 500 persons had during the year asked to be allowed to meet in class, desiring to flee from the wrath to come, and gain salvation. New conversions were taking place, and God's work was deepened in the hearts of His people. Great steadfastness, earnestness, and constancy were manifest. The devoted chairman, the Rev. F. Langham, and his excellent wife, who have been twenty-eight

years hard at work, are likely to serve faithfully for years to come. In his Circuit, in a population, all told, of 11,508 persons, 98½ per cent. attend our worship; and throughout Fiji, 90 per cent. of all worship with us. So that Fiji is a nation of Methodists. I was greatly comforted by the excellent spirit and zeal of the young missionaries from the Colonies, who have entered into our labours, and are earnestly carrying on the work.

"I was glad that special attention is given to the education and training of native agents, on whom so much depends in this extensive work, considerable numbers of whom are constantly required. Institutions for this important branch of our service are diligently worked by each missionary in every Circuit, and also by the native ministers, and by some catechists in the sections of Circuits of which they have charge. The most promising of these men, thus prepared for the work, so far as they can be spared, are sent for some years to the District Institution, over which are placed a missionary and a native minister, who are best qualified for, and adapted to, this special service. There are 109 fine, whole-hearted men of various ages, some of whom have wives, who are taught and trained for the work as teachers and preachers. I had the honour and enjoyment of giving prizes at the close of the session, and was pleased that some of the wives also

gained prizes for good conduct, and for keeping their families, and houses, and husbands in good order. The Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, was present, and gave valuable counsel to the men and women. He was surprised and gratified; as he was also with the late Thakombau's magnificent chapel, and our work, at Mbau. In his astonishment and rejoicing with us, he exclaimed, 'And all this without accessories!' Mr. Langham helped the catholic-spirited Bishop on his way, taking him from Navuloa to Mbau, and sending him to Ovalau, twenty-five miles, in the mission boat, pulled by students. I voyaged with him from Fiji to Auckland. I heard with great satisfaction one of the students rightly divide the Word of Truth, which he explained and applied. I was pleased with the simple and cheap dresses of the students and their wives, and with their entire spirit and deportment. They are very true, and wholly devoted to Christ and His cause, ready to go forth and brave the terrible hardships and exposures of New Guinea, where some of them have perished in the work; but others are baptised for the dead, and cheerfully ready to fill their places. There were also two foreign students from the island of Rotumah, three hundred miles to the north of Fiji. These men, by gaining a knowledge of the Fijian language, gain the great advantage of our Bible, and all our other books.

"What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved one; but the work there is extremely important as a specimen; and it affords hope and encouragement to pray, and work, and give for the salvation of the vast populations of all China, all India, all Africa, Russia, and the whole world. Christ tasted death for every man—for every man in the whole world—

'Christ has for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.'

And 'to Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' 'He will put down all rule, and all authority and power. For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.'

"The one special need is power from on high; and this we have in its fulness and richness. We live in the last time, in the glorious dispensation of the Spirit, when He is working in our hearts, and in our country, and among the nations, beyond what was realised in any age, hastening the latter days' glory, when all shall know Him and His power to save, and when Christ's kingdom shall be established in all the earth. When the Spirit descends upon the Churches, upon preachers and hearers, the Word will be proclaimed with new power, the pious will pray in the Holy Ghost; cheerful workers of the right stamp, and liberal givers will abound. The rich

will be very generous under His constraining power, and the poor will devise liberal things to the utmost of their means. The busy and fully employed will be ingenious, and find time and opportunity for work in Christ's service. The love of Christ will assuredly constrain them to do something. When the Spirit works freely and fully in the soul every power will be enlisted to render its quota in the blessed service of Christ. Glorious days are ahead! The Lord hasten them! 'Gold shall be brought'; not squeezed out of the people, nor parted with reluctantly, but voluntarily and cheerfully surrendered for Christ's sake. The heart shall be enlarged. The abundance of the sea shall be converted to God, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come to Him. The wilderness shall be a fruitful field, 'and the fruitful field shall be counted for a forest.' 'A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation'; and the Lord 'will hasten it in His time.' And there shall be 'great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.'"

At the Missionary Lovefeast held in connection with the Anniversary he presided, as was most fitting. In such a gathering for such a purpose all rejoiced to see him at their head; for, in the work

of the Gospel, who of them had such an experience to rehearse? He stood there amongst the people in the exceeding beauty of his strong old age, no carpet knight, but a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, having a wonderful history of service, yet saying no word of anything he had done, but rejoicing to tell how the grace of God had saved him, and, before his eyes, had mightily saved multitudes from darkness and death. Year by year, as long as he lived, the presidence of James Calvert at the Missionary Lovefeast was a standing arrangement in the proceedings of the May Anniversary.

After his last voyage Mr. Calvert spent two years at Sevenoaks, where also his aid was freely given in helping all good work. But here, as elsewhere, home meant for him not so much an abiding rest, as a centre from which he journeyed in all directions in his customary public service.

The Missionary Conference held in London in 1888 gave him great delight. In that memorable assembly of representatives of Christian missions in all parts of the world he was sought out by many, who had long known his name as connected with the great work in Fiji; while he, on his part, also sought out others, men of renown in the service of the Gospel, with greater eagerness than any tuft-hunter anxiously striving to win the notice of titled nobles. It delighted him exceedingly to meet here once

more his fellow-traveller, the Bishop of Nelson. In several of the important discussions which were held he took part; and on several difficult questions he spoke with the confidence and authority of an ample experience. To the much-debated inquiry whether missionaries, who had not had a medical training, should prescribe, he answered with an unhesitating yes, and was prepared to give abundant evidence in support of his answer. Then there was the problem, on which exactly opposite opinions were held, and supported by great argumentative zeal,—should polygamists be admitted to Church membership? Here he maintained a decisive and uncompromising negative, and declared that the whole history of Christian triumph in Fiji, where this question had to be faced in its worst form, made, to him, any alternative position impossible. In the course of the Conference, he read a paper giving a sketch of the history of Christianity in the Fiji Islands. It was all through a fervid expression of exultant faith—faith uttering itself in praise. In his own simple, strong, direct fashion, he gave witness that, from first to last, the horrible evils which cursed the people had been dealt with only by the Gospel preached and lived amongst them, at first by a few foreigners, "none of them extraordinary or great, but suitable, well adapted, ready to rough it and go on heartily with every branch of the work

that had to be done; making little of difficulties, dangers, and afflictions, but the best of everything and every one"; and then by an ever-growing company of converts from among the people themselves. At the time he was speaking, the number of white missionaries was nine; of native preachers, three thousand and five, fifty-six of whom were fully set apart for the work of the ministry. Referring to the Jubilee celebrated three years before, he said: "Fifty years before there was not a Christian in all Fiji; then, not an avowed heathen left! Cannibalism has, for some years past, been wholly extinct; and other immemorial customs of horrible cruelty and barbarism have disappeared." The listening assembly was deeply moved, and responded with warm thanksgiving as the old missionary, who had seen this work of Divine grace, exclaimed, "Behold! what hath God wrought!"

In February 1889 Mr. Calvert married the widow of his friend, the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Kessen, and hereby gained for his latter days not only a very congenial companionship, but all the comfort and help which the most solicitous and devoted affection could secure.

His home was now at Hastings, where, though his life was passed in quiet peacefulness, and its activities were limited by occasional weakness, he was by no means an idle man, but was always and fully

employed. It was seldom that he had not on hand some commission to fulfil for Fiji, and, as far as his strength permitted, he continued to preach, and to speak on behalf of missions and of the Bible Society.

His love of this great Christian institution was very strong; and he lost no opportunity of asserting its claims, and working for its interests. Throughout all his course he had received from it the greatest consideration and most generous help. When the committee, with kindly expressions of admiring respect, added his name to their list of Honorary Life Governors, he rejoiced greatly in the distinction.

He cheerfully gave his help to the ministers in Hastings, as freely to those of other Churches as in his own. In his genial presence, and listening to his frank words of faith and love, Christians were drawn together, and learned to hold their Church distinctions without bigotry or exclusiveness.

His residence at Hastings brought to him the great pleasure of intercourse with many friends who resorted thither. There were few men who had more friends; and to the last he formed new and close attachments; but the old ties were never broken. "I never," he said in those days, "let a friend slip." There are very many, in many lands, who count the friendship of James Calvert among

the best things of their life; and all can bear witness that his love was as true as it was tender.

In the autumn of 1890 a seventh edition of the Fijian New Testament was printed; and in the careful revision and reading of proofs he found full and always welcome employment. About the same time he also carried through the press a Hymn-book, Catechisms, and a Book of Offices, all in the Fijian language.

In March 1891 he conducted the great Lovefeast at the Centenary Commemoration of the death of Wesley, in the old City Road Chapel, which was crowded, so that many stood during the whole service. And a memorable service it was, with its glowing concert of Christian witness, whereby those who told of their own knowledge of the saving power of God strengthened and encouraged one another in the great enterprise of bringing the world to Christ. The very presence of the beloved elder who led the meeting, his face radiant with the joy of the Lord, rebuked unfaithfulness and doubt, and kindled praise.

In the following May he conducted the opening service of the new West Hill Chapel at Hastings, one of the foundation-stones of which he had laid the year before. He preached from the text, "I will give myself unto prayer." This place of worship, the building of which he very liberally aided, has

since been styled the Calvert Memorial Chapel; and truly the name of this saint is as well worthy of such application as that of many a saint holding his title from a Pope's patent. In this pulpit also he preached his last sermon.

He had not intended to be at the Conference this year, but, being elected by his District as a representative, he went to Nottingham, and greatly enjoyed the Conference and all its religious and social accompaniments, attending nearly every session, and taking great interest in the proceedings.

He conducted the Conference Lovefeast, and went from it to the great Temperance Meeting, at which a testimonial was presented to the Rev. Charles Garrett. In the temperance question he took a lively interest. Early in his mission-life he became a total abstainer, and always maintained that he owed his strength for long-protracted service very largely to this decision. He found also that, by taking a firm and unquestionable position in this matter, he gained great power in helping the Fijian Christians to escape from the temptations of their native grog—the *yanggona*—and from the fatal perils of the strong spirits brought into the islands by white merchants. On leaving Fiji the first time, he further determined to give up smoking. It was a very old habit, and not easy to break. But being convinced that he ought to put an end to the indulgence, he did it

sharply and decisively. He often afterwards declared his thankful satisfaction with the determination then carried out, and affirmed that it was better for him than if he had received a thousand pounds.

In September he had an attack of influenza, which seriously broke his strength; and a medical examination resulted in his being forbidden to do any public work. It was a great trouble to him to be obliged to cancel a number of engagements to attend meetings in different parts of the country: but he felt it to be inevitable. After his many years of incessant activity, he faced the truth that his public work was done, not only with quiet submission, but with an altogether happy resting in the will of Him whom he so long had served.

While he was still suffering, he was greatly shocked by the news that the Rev. Dr. James, who had been his fellow-student fifty-four years ago, had died very suddenly. He wrote to an old friend:—

"For some time I have desired to write to you, as I have been a good deal upset in health for some weeks. When staying at Sevenoaks I had indigestion, and took cold—and perhaps I had influenza. My heart, from which I suffered a good deal at Torquay, and again three years ago, has now once more troubled me seriously; and Dr. James' death was a great shock to me.

"But I have had the utmost tenderness, and care, and attention, and am greatly relieved. I have now good hope that I shall soon be quite myself again. But I must be quiet. I have called off all my engagements for the Bible Society and Missions, and shall not attempt any public service. I feel it to be my absolute duty to rest; and I think I may conscientiously take rest as my privilege—and, shall I say?—due.

"I am soon sending off to Fiji 730 Bibles, and 2,500 each of Hymns, Catechisms, and Book of Offices, with large supplies of English Tracts from Drummond, and the Religious Tract Society.

"Please pray for me. I am not at all anxious, but leave myself wholly in my loving Saviour's care. The Lord, who has dealt so bountifully with me in all the past, is and will be most gracious to me."

After this he recovered strength wonderfully, and entered on 1892 with a hope that he would yet be able to work again. On New Year's day he called on friends, and received visits, with all his old genial warmth, and almost youthful vivacity. But, perhaps, the crowning delight of the season was the arrival of another commission for Bibles and books for Fiji and Rotumah. The fulfilling of this joined him to the active past; and, in the joyful alacrity of the

service, it seemed as though some of the energy of the past came back to him.

On the first Sunday in January he completed his seventy-ninth year. In the morning he attended public worship, and in the afternoon the old Methodist service of the Renewal of the Covenant with God, in connection with which he assisted in the administration of the Lord's Supper.

Then followed two months of apparently good health, and a happy returning to his customary ways of life. Infirm, sick, and poor people thankfully welcomed his ministration of Christian comfort and hope, and generously practical sympathy. Amongst those who delighted in these visits were several aged and invalid clergymen, and members of other Churches, amongst whom he was greatly beloved. All claimed him as their own; and very joyfully he acknowledged the claim. He was a conspicuous and well-known figure in the town of Hastings. His tall, erect, and largely built form, his brisk walk, his cheery look and laugh, the quick vitality of every gesture, seemed to belong to a far younger man than did the venerable whiteness of head and beard. As he passed along he received many greetings from many people. The fishermen and the railway servants, the cabmen and the chairmen, knew him as the messenger to them of a better life, and saluted him as their friend. His look of hale manliness was, perhaps, never more

striking than in these days. He laughed heartily when some dear Australian friends told him that he was handsomer than ever; and, as far as his appearance went, there really seemed nothing impossible in the way of his accepting their warm invitation to visit them again. He was much moved when they said, "When the name of James Calvert is mentioned at a public meeting in Australia, as it often is, we all rise to our feet." To all congratulations on his good health he would answer that he had been spared to do more Bible work for Fiji.

At the service held at Robertson Street Church, as a memorial of the great preacher, Spurgeon, lately deceased, Mr. Calvert was present; and many remarked upon his aspect of vigour, and the full, clear voice with which he spoke the words of benediction as the service ended. That act of speaking peace and blessing in the name of God was the last act of his public life. Nor could there have been devised a close more beautifully befitting his long course of faithful ministry. It was in strongly marked contrast with the scenes of his earlier career, with their hard, rough toil, and long journeyings, and sickness and pain, and perils by land and by sea; but in the faith and the aim of the life years had made no change. All had been given to the dispensing of the Divine peace and blessing. And now, in a harboured calm of quiet waiting, and in the venerable loveliness of a

saintly old age, out of the fulness of a heart satisfied with the perfect peace, his lips uttered the Gospel benediction of grace, and love, and fellowship with God. That benediction gathered together and expressed his whole trust and his whole life.

On the last Sunday in February he went alone to join in the worship at the Central Chapel, Mrs. Calvert being laid aside by sickness. On the Tuesday following she was able to leave her room, to his great delight, and sat with him at his study fireside. It had always been a very characteristic habit of his to forecast his future work, and plan it out with all the exact arrangement of a timetable. On the next evening, as they sat again together, he, holding his wife's hand, talked about two full years of busy employment, for another edition of the Fijian Bible was called for; and it had been just decided that the translation should undergo another careful revision. He had everything in readiness to start with this work the next day, and looked forward to it with great joy, pointing out to his wife wherein it would be possible for her to help him. He spoke much of the past, tracing, with devout thankfulness, the leading of the Lord's hand in his eventful history. He always made it a rule to keep his correspondence completed up to date. Finding one more letter was left to be written, he considered for a moment whether he should not leave it till the morrow, but

and for some time my recovery was questionable. But by God's mercy & goodness I was restored to health via Suva and back work by next June. My recovery was just at the right time - as I then had a request from Fiji & the Bible Society to supervise the Fijian Bible. This work for three years seems to give new life & increased vigour into me - & is a great comfort.

Life of Paton I thought I could not read through. It thrilled me - and reminded me so much of Fiji.

We have very much enjoyed Maclaren's Holy of Holies.

I am glad you have open house for missionaries, & for men who come to advocate the mission cause: & I trust you will keep the ground to do good service and

decided to write it at once. And thus it was that, for the last time, his much-used pen was taken in hand, in writing to the widow of the Rev. T. W. Meller, under whose superintendence he had done his first work in preparing the Fijian Bible for the press, thirty-six years before. A portion of this last letter is here reproduced in *facsimile*.

And so the calm, happy day of home rest and home love passed on; and when night came, as was his wont, he read to his wife out of the Word; and in his reading that night was this: "For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto them also that love His appearing."

Before the next day broke apoplexy came upon him as he slept; and his wife, roused by his heavy breathing, found him insensible. The doctor, who lived close by, came immediately. Before his arrival Mr. Calvert had recovered consciousness, and inquired after some of the doctor's patients in whom he was interested. While his heart was being examined, he said, "I have had a hard life, doctor." Throughout this and the following day he lay prostrate, and, according to strict orders, was kept in

perfect quietness. Then, on the Friday night, he became restless, and his mind wandered, but it wandered only one way. For hours he was unconsciously busy, turning over and correcting proof-sheets of the Fijian Bible. The hushed days passed, and the Sunday found him very feeble, but clear in mind. In the afternoon he lay, with closed eyes, holding his wife's hand, and answering warmly to words of Divine promise, which she quoted, and verses of hymns, correcting her when one quotation was not exact. "It is all right," he said, "the will of the Lord is best—the very best."

Early on Monday morning, they who lovingly tended him knew, and he also knew, that the end was near. He spoke brightly to his kind medical attendant, and called for his dear ones, his wife, daughter, and youngest son, and very tenderly bade each of them a last farewell. Afterwards he lay calmly awaiting his release. Once or twice during the afternoon loving words fell from his lips, and then came unbroken silence, passing into peaceful sleep. Before another day broke he was "with Christ:"—March 8th, 1892.

A funeral service was held in the Central Wesleyan Chapel, Hastings, in which, besides the members of the family, a large number of friends took part, and amongst them many ministers. It was much noted that, in all the deep solemnity of the service, there

was such a light of hope, and such assurance of a life's work well done, that no gloom could settle there. An address was given by the Rev. Joseph Nettleton, one of the band of young missionaries who went out in 1860, when Mr. and Mrs. Calvert returned to Fiji for their second term of service. He knew the departed saint well, and had worked beside him on the field of his life's chief labours. His tribute to his memory was full of reverent love, and was peculiarly impressive as given by one who had been an eye-witness of the wonderful results of his faithful devotion. And by the speaker there was brought the testimony of another saint of God, and hero of the mission, also gone to his rest and reward—Joel Bulu, the old Tongan minister, who had given his life to Fiji, and had watched the whole history of the Gospel in the islands from its beginning. "I saw," said he, at Lakemba, in 1868, "those two men land, with pale faces and weak voices. They could not wield the club like we can. Their wives were not strong like our women. But what changes have they wrought on this island! Instead of widow-strangling and cannibalism we have a Christian chief ruling over a Christian people. Instead of heathen temples we have Christian churches; and instead of the old mythologies we have the Word of God in our own tongue, and we and our children can read it. Instead of heathen

priests we have been educated and ordained as Christian ministers. Those pale-faced men came from England; and if the great queen had sent out ships of war to fire on us, if we would not give up widow-strangling and cannibalism, we might have been blown to pieces; but we never should have given up the old customs for cannon-balls. If the great queen had sent out an army of soldiers to cut us down with the drawn sword, we should not have given up the cannibal oven or widow-strangling for the sword. 'The sword of the Spirit' which those two men wielded has done what neither cannon-ball nor cold steel could have done. From our killing and devouring one another it has turned us into Christian men and women. They not only preached the Word of God, but they lived it; and their daily life of love and self-denial was a gospel which no prejudice could resist, and no argument could withstand."

The burial was at Torquay. And there, in the beautiful Barton cemetery, one in death, as in eternal life, there lie together—true yokefellows, who had together borne the burden and heat of the day—James and Mary Calvert, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

A memorial sermon was preached at Hastings by the Rev. John Walton, who had well known Mr. Calvert and his work in South Africa. He said of him:—

"John Wesley's ideal Methodist preacher was happily realised in this ardent missionary. Certainly James Calvert had 'all his wits about him.' A man of strong common sense, shrewd and practical in his methods, and fearless in duty, he could adapt himself to new and difficult situations. He was a fine-tempered, loving, and lovable man, tender as a woman, and soon moved to tears. But he did not lack the courage of his convictions. Politic he was, as a missionary among savages must be; but he never compromised truth or principle; he always went straight, and did his duty—as his Church expected him to do—with unflinching fidelity. He was indeed a man of resource, and not soon at his wits' end. In dealing with the chiefs he displayed wonderful tact. While he properly recognised their position, and on all occasions treated them with due respect, he never flattered, never feared them. When occasion required, he could be bold as Nathan. Once and again the cannibal despot had been turned from his murderous design by the brave expostulations of this herald of the Cross. He stood up manfully for the oppressed and defenceless people. Poor women and innocent children, already doomed to be strangled or clubbed to furnish the cannibal feast, have been rescued by the courageous intervention of the man of God. By his wise address and Christian conciliation fearful war was averted

and peace restored. . . . The love of God in his own heart was the potent force that brought him into touch with the poor savages. Had he restricted his ministry to rebuke and denunciation he would have failed in his mission. But he delivered his soul in a full declaration of *all* the counsel of God; he fervently proclaimed the glorious provision Divine mercy has made for even the vilest and the worst of men. He urged them to repent and believe the Gospel, as he himself had done. He besought them, often with tears.

"To this feature of his ministry we must give due prominence if we would understand James Calvert. The poor cannibals came to believe in the man before they believed in his message. And this method of his was not a mere device to win Fijians. He followed it all through his varied ministry, when dealing with white men, as well as when dealing with black men, in his native land as well as in Fiji. The warm personal testimony he bore in his ministrations and missionary addresses invested both with a gracious charm. . . . This lovefeast element in James Calvert's fine emotional nature was very strong. It made his face shine; and he told his story with a spiritual fascination which touched and thrilled his audiences.

"A few sentences must be added with reference to James Calvert's labours in South Africa. He belonged to the class of Christian heroes, and held

that a missionary should be ready to go anywhere. He himself thought it not too much to visit Fiji once and again when the Master called him. In 1872 he, with his devoted wife, placed himself at the disposal of the missionary committee for service anywhere. They were sent to join the workers at the Cape. James Calvert's reputation had preceded him, and the people expected great things. For eight years, first in the Orange Free State and then at the Diamond Fields at Kimberley, he laboured with much acceptance amongst both colonists and Kafirs. They were attracted by his personal character, while his evangelical ministrations and pastoral attention won their hearts. He was greatly beloved. . . . The Sunday before their embarkation for England, I prevailed upon him to preach in the Commemoration Church at Grahamstown. From the pulpit where William Shaw had often preached he gave us a beautiful discourse on 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' That farewell message from the lips of so beloved a disciple harmonised with the lofty traditions of the place, and was made a blessing to many. . . ."

But little attempt has been made in these pages to present a portraiture of James Calvert other than that which is furnished by the record of his life, and by his own words. The only difficulty in the

way of any one who, knowing him intimately, would describe Mr. Calvert's character, is in the fear lest the attempt to analyse that character should blur the clear outline of its entire simplicity. Nowhere would the art which, undertaking to draw a likeness, glorifies itself by idealising a picture be more misplaced. His personality had an irresistible charm; but the admiration which would claim for him the possession of genius, or great natural endowments, would wholly misrepresent him. He had, however, this actual greatness, that—as those who knew him longest and best can testify—he never affected anything that was not really his. There are some men whose gifts compel your unwilling admiration, so that, however you may blame yourselves for it, you resent the compulsion, while you grudgingly pay the tribute. One would not like to live near the man who was not made the happier by knowing and admiring James Calvert. But, though his character was quite simple, it was, in no sense whatever, little. The man was planned on an ample scale; and beneath his vigour of character was a massive framework of qualities which give strength.

Yet it was his religion that made him. On this point he must himself be heard, saying, as he always did say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." For a long course of years, in many places, and before very diverse audiences, he was required to tell

the history of the recovery of a whole people from the lowest barbarism. He himself had witnessed this recovery, and taken a large part in bringing it about, and—as noted at the beginning of this memoir—he, almost without exception, prefaced every account of his work with a reference to his own conversion; and, as the present writer has said of him elsewhere, "every part of his subsequent career not only looked back to that starting-point, but, to his own mind, was in immediate and necessary connection with it. Without this key his story is unintelligible, crowded with facts which refuse to be accounted for." And, as of his history, so of himself; you cannot explain him if you leave out his faith. Giving to the term all the Methodist meaning with which he used it, his Experience was at the living root of all he was and all he did. Without it he might very likely have achieved success in business; for he had qualities which go to the winning of such success, being withal orderly, punctual, pushing, and sagacious. But the man he became, as known and loved by thousands, he never could have been save by the transforming and ennobling power of the Divine grace.

He had, at starting, very scanty advantages in the way of culture; but he always spoke and wrote his own language correctly, and secured strength in the use of it by observing simplicity. His

education, like that of many men whose influence has told for the benefit of others, was gained chiefly from the schooling of active life, and the discipline of circumstances. He was quick to gather, and prompt to use any information which he could turn to practical account. Beyond this, his zeal of research did not extend far. Few men have been brought into direct relation with such a wide variety of people; and, by the experience thus acquired, the faculty of reading character was developed in him to an altogether remarkable degree. And just as remarkable was the adroit skill with which he used his knowledge of men to influence them in the direction he wished. In all this wisdom his one supreme motive kept him from any loss of harmlessness and honesty. He sought to please men, "for that which is good unto edifying." When occasion of rebuke came he was direct and unflinching on behalf of the right. Moreover, in dealing with others, he never let them think that, in judging them, he stood aloof from them or above them. His warm quickness of sympathy made them know that it was in his heart to come close to them with brotherly help. Surely no man had in a larger degree the most happy faculty of making the best of everything and of everybody.

In him certain elements of force balanced each other, which would otherwise have become conflicting.

His hearty and liberal generosity was a marked feature; while, on the other hand, he was exceedingly keen in detecting crookedness of motive and hard to impose upon. He was nobly unselfish, often to his own hurt; but he had learned by very severe training how to turn circumstances to his own advantage. In the fulfilment of the service of his high calling, and whenever there was opportunity to do good to others, he never spared himself; but would face any peril, and suffer any inconvenience or privation; yet he was wont to declare—with a droll droop of one eyebrow well known to his friends—that his policy was to take care of himself and to live as long as possible. So, shifting the emphasis to suit his purpose, he would quote from a familiar Methodist hymn, and say:

> "I would the precious time redeem,
> And longer live. . . ."

He read well, both in regard to the quality of the books he studied, and in the way in which he assimilated and made industrious notes of their contents. Of light literature he had no appreciation whatever. As a preacher, he never attained to popular distinction. He contented himself with a simple, direct, and earnest statement and enforcement of Christian truth, never getting out of sight of the need of actual conversion, and the possibility of being made "substantially happy"—a favourite

phrase of his—in the forgiving love of God. Of his own happiness there could be no doubt. The light of it shone out, so as to make a brightness round about him wherever he went. He had known great personal suffering, and, up to the very last, was made to bear painful sorrow; but his heart hid "its own bitterness" from all but a very few; and his "joy in the Lord" remained undimmed. He had the grace of hearty laughter, the bright tones of which still ring clear in the memory of those who knew him; and they also love to recollect his exceeding tenderness of heart, making his voice break, and his eyes swim in a moment with ready sympathy.

He made many friends in all the Churches, and was faithful to them all; and each of these counted himself the richer for his friendship. A youthful vivacity, the sparkle of which remained in old age, gathered to him the affection of the young, in whose love and friendship he greatly rejoiced.

Nothing is more certain than that you cannot hope to form a right judgment of a man's character until you know what he is at home. In some cases, it is to be feared, the verdict of those who live and look within that innermost circle would widely differ from that of the outside world. Not so with James Calvert. He not only showed, in the fullest degree, the warm lovingkindness of his heart in

all family relationships, but he put his Christianity fully into them all. Loving his children as he did, he suffered acutely in being separated from them. No sacrifice made for the Lord and His service involved anything like such self-denial as did this. His private correspondence expresses the most solicitous care for the well-being of those beloved ones, and his letters to them are full of the tenderest affection.

All knew him—even those who could not understand all it meant—all knew him to be a man of God. Without any ostentation, he never lowered his colours. Amongst Christian people everywhere he was a "brother beloved"; whilst, in intercourse with men of all kinds, he never lost sight of the mandate of his missionary service, and had, in a high degree, the excellent art of inoffensively making opportunities for the faithful advocacy of the truth. More than one casual companion in travel has had reason for everlasting thankfulness that it fell to his lot to journey with James Calvert.

His faith had in it nothing of speculation. He knew Him in whom he believed. His relation to Christ as a Saviour was a distinct fact in his daily consciousness, and the controlling centre of his life's motives. He was called to face the uttermost human degradation which sin could work, and the most appalling difficulties in the way of setting up the

kingdom of God. But he saw nothing that needed to be done which was greater than that which had already been done in his own self; and, anchored in that sure knowledge of his own salvation, his faith, however great the stress upon it, never drifted. He believed, and he knew, the Gospel to be enough to solve the hardest problems of the world's want; and, in this trust, he gave himself, with whole-hearted devotion, to the preaching of Christ.

In the history of Christian missions in this century the Church must ever glorify God for His grace, magnified in the life and work of James Calvert of Fiji.

The following beautiful sketch, by his oldest surviving friend, the Rev. William Arthur, is transferred, by permission, from *Work and Workers*, as a fitting close to this imperfect record.

"Five-and-fifty years ago, in the old college at Hoxton, when I joined the company of students, youngest of the number, a man some six years older, yet one of my own year, was James Calvert. He soon marked himself out as one whom the eye must follow. And yet it would not be easy to say why. He had no name for talents or attainments, and made no attempts to be prominent. But everybody knew Calvert, talked of him, liked him, and expected him to do a good day's work. The idea of

his idling over his Master's business, or making shift to come fairly off by leaning for help on others, or of his making much noise for little labour, entered no man's head.

"Whatever else he had or had not, he had three things—grace, head, and heart. God had loved him, redeemed him, forgiven him, and sent him into His vineyard to do good. This, as Stringer Rowe has said, he knew, and all his existence was coloured accordingly. His head and his heart were both strong; common sense, robust and quick, with feeling both intense and tender, backed by a vigorous will, gave you a man of clear purpose and forcible impulse; prompt in decision, swift of step, ready of speech, and capable of a tear. He was neither eccentric, nor quite free from a vein of something which, for moments at a time, would look like individuality coming into touch with eccentricity. His speech was plain, short, straight, and lovingly affected the North. If he had not been a Yorkshire man you would have said that he ought to have been.

"Among the men in their first year who were much given to open-air preaching, I seem more than any others to recall Thomas Williams and Calvert. With the latter I have been to Rag Fair and Shoreditch Pump, and I think to Whitecross Street. Calvert had a directness and simplicity which were very

effective; and he seemed to get right at his audience as if they were all one, and as if he had to take no stiff steps either down or up to find the right level. His prayers went up with a similar directness; he asked in order to receive, expected to receive, and would leave the impression that it was good to draw nigh unto God. There were men who could preach better than Calvert, and, as people say, 'pray better,' who, to judge from the tone in which they would speak of him, would have been glad to be like Calvert.

"A man in his third year was always mentioned by us all as the most remarkable man amongst us, an ex-ploughman, a prospective Professor of Divinity, or whatever else the Lord might call him to be. For his opportunities a prodigy of solid attainment, and with his reputation a pattern of Christian modesty. In John Hunt the grace of God had built up a comely monument, the remembrance of which has always done me good, whenever it has come back to me, in the course of my pilgrimage; and back it has come full oft, in paths of the land, and of the sea. Of Hunt, personally, I saw more at Hoxton than of Calvert, and regarded him with profound respect and affection, as did every one, from Father Entwisle and Dr. Hannah down to the last of the train. Hunt and Calvert were both to be missionaries, and Hunt, it was generally expected, would go to South Africa. One day, Father Entwisle, after dinner, told us of

Cross and Cargill in Fiji, and of the cry, *Pity Poor Fiji*, and of the intention to send out some men forthwith. I believe many hearts then said, 'Here am I, send me,' and I am sure that all asked, 'Who will go?'

"The news was soon buzzing in every study that Hunt was to go, and Calvert with him. The interest of the students was intense. Few now survive to say me yea. Some lie in Africa, some in the West Indies, some in Canada, some in Indian or Australasian graves, and some in various fields at home, sleep the sleep of the harvestman. One white head still rises before me, that of the comrade student of Hunt in his third year, John Richards, who served well both in Africa and India. Were we not there to a man that evening, in the little old chapel at Hackney, up a lane, to see Hunt and Calvert ordained for their service amongst the fiercest of the fierce, and at the very ends of the earth? Even the youngest could feel the solemn joy of following, if last of the rear, in the march of a great militant host. Hunt's solemn and commanding testimony to the grace of God, Calvert's testimony, warm and homely as a village boy, left upon our hearts a last recollection of these beloved companions which always had the double effect of knitting the soul to the men, and of inspiring faith in the blessing which would attend their mission.

"When I came back from India, Cargill from Fiji was staying at Dr. Beecham's, and by that kindly fireside I heard from him much about Hunt and Calvert, and took delight to think of my old comrade of Shoreditch Pump and Rag Fair drawing a good bow at the battle of the cannibals. Then, after a lapse of many years, the old quick step, the old ringing laugh, in spite of the little dash of grey in the hair, made the man of Fijian toils and wonders seem only James Calvert of the Hoxton group over again. Before they sailed I had just seen the two comely wives. Before Calvert's return I had looked with an interest, not to be expressed, on the widow of his noble yokefellow, a woman worthy of the man. Now by Calvert's side was his own Mary Calvert, whose doings far away I had thankfully traced, and in whose open countenance I gladly saw the face of her brother, Philip Fowler, familiar in Dr. Hannah's lecture room, and afterwards in Conference. And looking on them one saw what was not to be seen—one saw the sun of the South shining on eight letters cut in stone, JOHN HUNT; which eight letters, as long as suns do shine, will make Christian souls bless the God and Redeemer of the Lincolnshire ploughman.

"So then for many years, here and there, one met with Calvert on platforms, in Conference, in the houses of friends, and, best of all, now and then at

home. There were episodes in Fiji, in Africa, elsewhere; but Hoxton and Fiji were to me always the frames in which the figure of Calvert stood before me. Of the many homes in which we have met, like two old boys, never making much of one another, but for all that knowing what we meant, none seems to return to me as a place of frequent meeting so much as dear old Gunnersbury House—kindly focus of missionary feeling, where many an exhausted toiler warmed himself on returning, and many a one warmed himself again before setting out for another campaign. Surrounded by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Farmer, and the rest of the group, how would Calvert enjoy himself, and be enjoyed, especially when Mrs. Calvert and his daughter Annie were with him!

"In my own house Calvert was always as welcome as the flowers of May. He was as much the friend of my wife and children as my friend. Light came with him, and useful talk of the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad. I never told him how small I often felt by his side when I thought of what our common Master had wrought by his means as compared with the poor track that lies behind me. In the presence of men who had faithfully laboured in West Africa or Fiji I always felt as if I had done nothing in missionary sacrifice. Among servants honoured of my Lord whom my roof has covered,

two men stand out before me, James Calvert of Fiji, and William Taylor, Missionary Bishop of Africa.

"My last vivid recollections of Calvert will always hover around Stoke House, Mr. W. H. Budgett's residence, and around the Bristol Conference of 1890, that Conference of pains and cares unequalled since 1849. Around that hospitable board there were three of us past threescore and ten, with three or four younger men. Dr. Osborn is gone, James Calvert is gone, and I wait till the wafting of a white wing shall carry me across the stream. It was very pleasant then to see my old friend's comfort with the second excellent Mrs. Calvert, and right edifying to watch his intense interest in every phase of the solicitude of the hour, coupled with his child-like faith in God, and sturdy common sense in the few observations he made on men and their proceedings. The last scene which comes up, and which will often come up, was when he entered my room, with solemn anxiety, to report the latest news, not calculated to comfort but to disquiet. Two old heads were weighted with fears, and yet were lifted up again in faith and hope, that the God of patience and consolation would save the Connexion from another 1849. Probably that scene will linger with me as the last of my fellowship with James Calvert though not actually my last interview with him.

"So he has met John Hunt, and met Richard B.

Lyth, whom he so dearly loved—*the Doctor* as he delighted to call him—and met a host of Fijian converts, and met a gracious Master, who has said unto him, 'Enter into My joy.' My two old Hoxton friends have been met by many other Hoxton friends there.

"As I sat in the morning sun a pair of sowers passed by, going out to sow, and gave a kindly greeting. We said the seed was good, and the men were like their work, but the ground was nothing but rocks and roadside, with patches of thorn and brier. As I sit in the evening light, waiting till the sun goes down behind the hills, I see two reapers meeting—meeting in the midst of the gold and the crimson and the manifold glory—and their sheaves with them."

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